

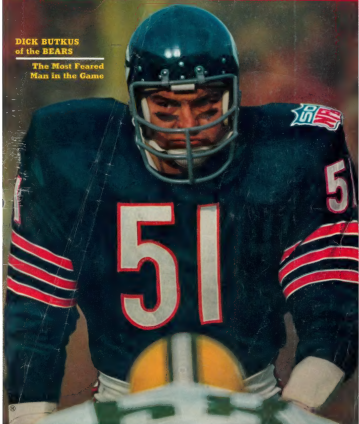
Sports Illustrated

SEPTEMBER 21, 1970 60 CENTS

PRO FOOTBALL '70

DICK BUTKUS
of the BEARS

**The Most Feared
Man in the Game**



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1. Take the best sports-car ideas.

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cars: 1971 Mercury Cougar.

A 1971 Mercury Cougar is shown from a front-three-quarter view, parked in a dark, atmospheric setting. The car is a light tan or gold color. The background is filled with large, bright, orange and yellow flames or fireballs, creating a dramatic, high-contrast scene. The car's headlights and grille are prominent in the foreground.

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We pointed out that by recrossing the date line in the opposite direction, he could enjoy two Tuesdays in a row.

When last heard from, Smith had moved to a small island smack on the date line and, by shifting back and forth, was averaging 10.3 Tuesdays a month.



Teacher's

The Scotch that made Tuesday famous

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Next week

CLUBBING AND CLUTCHING, the Mets, Pirates and Cubs make baseball's last weeks a continuous round robin. An account of the season's wild windup by William Leggett.

INSTANT REPLAY, more or less, given the Minnesota Vikings another crack at the Kansas City Chiefs on the NFL's opening weekend. Tex Maule reports the Super Bowl reprise.

MOROCCO SWINGS like a five-ton. Or so Dan Jenkins makes us believe as he describes the fairways of this North African nation and its golf-happy King Hassan II.

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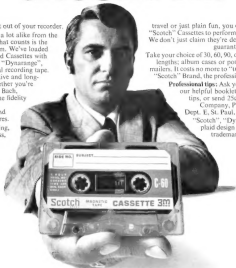
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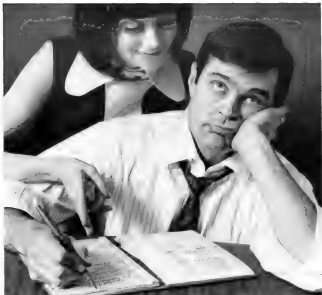


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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT CRIVELLO

TIME TO BE FRANK

One theory in the strange, continuing case of Denny McLain suggests that Baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn was surprised and hurt by the criticism directed at him after his suspension of McLain last spring. Kuhn, who had a most favorable press through the first year of his reign, was embarrassed then because he appeared to be unaware of McLain's errant ways before the news began to break. His careful, reasoned decision to suspend the pitcher for half a season (a decision approved of by President Nixon, he confided) would, he felt, restore his reputation as a superior administrator. It would be acclaimed as the judgment of a Solomon—not too mild, not too harsh, a punishment that would make clear how serious McLain's fall from grace was but which nonetheless would give that odd young man a merciful chance to salvage his splendid career—and, indeed, his life.

Instead, the decision was laughed at; the punishment did not suit the seriousness of the offense. Kuhn chafed under the scorn of his critics in comparative silence, apparently assuming that time would prove him right. When McLain subsequently doused the two sportswriters with ice water, was suspended by his club and responded with a bitter verbal attack on the club's general manager, Kuhn was shocked. More than that, he was enraged. How could McLain be so stupid?

To his discredit, the commissioner would not admit his chagrin. He had granted earlier in the summer that he had been "intoxicated" with McLain, but now, as he suspended the pitcher again, he insisted in an astonishing statement that this punishment had nothing to do with either the earlier suspension or the water-throwing incident in Detroit. Instead, Kuhn attributed it to "new allegations," which he did not disclose, and to reports that McLain had been carrying a gun.

What are the new allegations? Do they

really have no connection with McLain's earlier transgressions? Are Denny's differences with the Detroit Tiger management sufficient reason for the commissioner to suspend him? The *Detroit News* quoted McLain, who does not have a commercial pilot's license, as saying he made money flying people, which would be against FAA regulations. Was this a factor? Is carrying a gun (other ballplayers have been in trouble for carrying guns) in itself that serious an aberration? Was it only a disastrous coincidence that the new allegations and the water-throwing incident erupted at the same time?

Hard to accept, Comish. You're playing games with credibility.

FIRST HE SAID HE WOULD

Another confused young man is Tom McMillen, the 6' 11" Pennsylvania who has been trying since last March to decide which college to bestow his basketball talents upon. In June, despite the well-publicized objections of his mother and father, who wanted him to go to the University of Maryland, he chose North Carolina. That apparently final decision became unstuck, and last week Bill Gibson, basketball coach at the University of Virginia, spent three hopeful days talking to McMillen in his home town. A worried Dean Smith, the North Carolina coach, who was in Europe conducting basketball clinics, phoned McMillen at the beginning of the week and was assured by the boy that he would enroll at Carolina on Friday. Virginia's Gibson, still optimistic, had an appointment for Thursday morning at 10. When he arrived, McMillen had left to matriculate at Maryland, planning only to visit Smith. "Very very sorry. I'm going to Maryland for reasons you know. Hope you understand."

OO WEST

With the Hawaii Islanders winning the division of the Pacific Coast League and drawing nearly 500,000 fans and sending their manager up to take over the Chi-

cago White Sox, Mayor Frank East of Honolulu feels it's time the major leagues made Hawaii their 25th team. Or, anyway, the 24½th. East thinks one of the big-league clubs on the West Coast should play half its home games in Honolulu. "They ought to consider using two cities as home towns," says East. "playing half their games in one city and half in the other." The mayor has not yet put the idea before anyone in baseball and says he presumes such an arrangement would have to wait until 1973, when the new 50,000-seat Honolulu Stadium is completed. A 50,000-seat stadium—hmmm. Charley Leisley is suddenly going out at the Pacific, silent (for the moment) upon a peak in Da-jon. Or Oakland.

ODDS OFF

Jimmie (The Greek) Snyder says the odds on the N.F.L. divisional races are as follows:

National East: Dallas 1-2; Washington 3-1; New York 5-1; St. Louis 10-1; Philadelphia 1,000-1.

National Central: Minnesota 4-5; Detroit 3-1; Green Bay 3-1; Chicago 100-1.

National West: Los Angeles 1-1; San Francisco 7-1; Atlanta 7-1; New Orleans 50-1.

American East: Baltimore 4-5; New York 2-1; Miami 5-1; Boston 25-1; Buffalo 500-1.

American Central: Cleveland even; Houston 3-1; Pittsburgh 3-1; Cincinnati 50-1.

American West: Kansas City 3-5; Oakland 3-2; San Diego 10-1; Denver 50-1.

The odds are unofficial, and are of use only for friend-to-friend bets. Johnny Quinn of the Derby Sports Book in Las Vegas says, "We don't book odds on division or conference winners. The divisions are too lopsided; one team may be 1-6, the next 8-1, the third 100-1. In order to get up a list, you have to have some diversified action. It's not like baseball."

SOMETHING TO CURL UP WITH

When you put down your money for a program at an N.F.L. game this year, you'll find yourself holding something called *Pro!*, a slick-looking production resembling a magazine, which is what it more or less is. Each of the 26 clubs will contribute standard program data and locally oriented material, but the core of

continued

A handicap is fine in golf. Too bad you can't get one in business.



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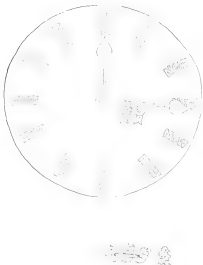
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the publication is 34 pages of stories and features aimed at a general pro football audience. It will be sold only at stadiums on game days. Could be just the thing to while away those long last quarters when your team is helplessly out of it, even with the poms.

CONTEST TIME

This year's shiny new program seems like a good enough idea, but in other areas the NFL appears to be working overtime to catch up with baseball in boo-boo making. Consider the "NFL Man of the Year Award" contest, which resembles baseball's much-criesied All-Star selection process. Numbered ballots with the names of 78 pro football players are to be studied by fans, who will then pick one of the 78 as man of the year. The player with the most votes will win both a trophy and a car, and a \$25,000 scholarship fund in his name will be established in his team's city. Very commendable. And with 78 names to choose from, how could the most de-

serving man of the year possibly be overlooked? Well, for one thing, 78 players breaks down to only three per team, which means that only three of the 40 heroes on your favorite club are in the running. There is an escape clause, a blank line on the ballot for "your own nomination," but despite Rico Curi's rise from an unfired linbo in baseball's computerized All-Star Game election, write-in nominees have an uphill battle all the way. And there are some unfortunate inclusions and omissions on the official ballot. Greg Cook, one of the three Cincinnati Bengals listed, is out for the season. Roy Jefferson, one of the three Pittsburgh Steelers, has been traded. The Buffalo Bills have waived Harry Jacobs, one of their three, and Norm Snow of the Philadelphia Eagles may not even start. Yet the ballot does not include Dick Butkus, Tommy Nobis, Darryl Laster, Paul Warfield, Sonny Jurgensen, Dan Abramowicz and Leroy Kelly. There isn't a rookie in the entire list, not even the Steelers' Terry

Bradshaw, the shining light of western Pennsylvania.

One final quibble. The award is based on playing performance and "civic involvement." How do you rate Joe Namath, say, on civic involvement?

SAIL ON AND ON

Now then, if you're really determined to get a seat on the 50-yard line for at least one or two of the America's Cup races, there still may be time for you to rent a 100-foot schooner from World Yacht Enterprises in New York, on which you can sleep 40 of your nearest and dearest friends. Or, if your friends number only a dozen, you might try L. H. Bloom of Warren, R.I., to see if his 57-foot Eagle is still available. Sorry, you are too late to do anything about the barge-like *Black Pearl* out of New York, which is taken. If you're desperate you can join the two-thousand-odd who will be on the S. S. *Dry Belly* each racing day.

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continued

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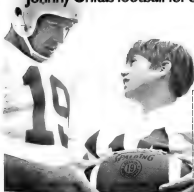
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SCORECARD continued

er *Guyot M.* One reason is the view. Another is that whether you win or lose you can comfort yourself with the survival kit all crewmembers receive. It includes aspirin, a first-aid kit, a jar of instant tea (in honor of Sir Thomas Lipton, the famed Cup racer), a pack of 101 Chocorfields (which has a lovely picture of a yacht on it) and, most important of all, a flask of Cognac, direct from France. Not Marcel Rich's *France*, Charles de Gaulle's *France*.

ON A CLEAR DAY . . .

Professor Ted Perry of the University of Texas came to New York City recently to shoot some film footage for a movie on water pollution. He had no luck. Seems that air pollution was so bad that he could not get decent exposures.

REMEMBER WHEN

Johnny Bench, the ballplayer, hit his 44th home run of the season on Sept. 30 but Johnny Bench, the catcher, had only 37, four short of the major league record for catchers set by Roy Campanella in 1953. The Cincinnati Reds like to rest their All-Star catcher by playing him now and then in the outfield or at first base. Outfielder Bench had six of the 44 homers and First Baseman Bench had one. The Elias Sports Bureau, official National League statistician, says that it cannot include those extracurricular homers in the total for catchers. This raises a question. If Johnny hits one someday as a pinch hitter, will it be registered under yet another category—say, Bench Jockey?

THEY SAID IT

- Grover Reineger, Detroit Tigers coach, on his way out of a Red Sox-Tigers game at Fenway Park: "You know, when country-club teams like the Red Sox and Tigers get together, they should play baseball one day, polo the next, golf the next, and end hours the fourth day."
- Ken Fleming, SMU end, asked what he planned to do with his anthropology degree: "Play pro football."
- Dick Arent, Pittsburgh Steelers defensive tackle, telling of his 13-yard touch-down run after picking up a fumble in a preseason game against Minnesota: "I can't explain it, but all I could keep thinking was, 'Am I running the right way?'"

END



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EATING HIGH ON THE HOGS

Quarterback Jim Plunkett and other natty Stanford Indians did some pork-pricing in Arkansas and discovered they could afford a feast—although the dessert almost turned sour

by **DAN JENKINS**

The whole thing bore a quality of unreality from the beginning, what with the game being a two-night singleheader to avoid a television matchup with *Man America*. This was the start of a new college football season, and this game down in Little Rock paired the odd couple: Stanford, which claims to be an Ivy-type institution, and Arkansas, which gets accused of being a football factory. They had nothing in common except good teams, a couple of quarterbacks who were supposed to be in the running for the Heisman Trophy, and a willingness to play an extra game, an 11th game, for money.

Then came this outrageous early outburst by cool and relaxed Jim Plunkett



and Stanford to run up a 27-0 lead over a confused, unrelated—and favored—Bill Montgomery and Arkansas. And then came the first black athlete ever to play for Arkansas, a quick little dandy named Jon Richardson—yep, a Negro, right there in Devil Faubus' place of business—to provide the spark for a Razorback comeback that almost won the ball game, and at least craved the embarrassment of it all.

And, finally, Stanford overcame an old habit it had of blowing things and got out of those wild and unlikely surroundings with a melodramatic 36-28 victory. Jim Plunkett didn't choke, even when Arkansas started creeping up, and for once neither did his defense. When

last seen, the Indians were celebrating with a midnight swim in a motel pool and looking forward to a Sunday-night stopover in Las Vegas, no doubt having visions of Plunkett putting wheels on the Heisman Trophy and driving it into Pasadena on New Year's Day.

If such things come to pass for the long-suffering folks from Palo Alto, Plunkett and all of the other Indians ought to let the procession be led by a couple of guys named Jeff Simon and Mike Simone. They happen to be Stanford linebackers. They happen to be the guys who made the great big game-saving, Heisman-saving of you-will plays at the furious finish when all 48,000 in Little Rock's War Memorial Stadium—

including, perhaps, Stanford Coach John Ralston—absolutely knew that Arkansas was going to score *somehow* and win the game 35-34.

Despite the fact that Plunkett, who can make third down look like a birthday cake—he did eight times, anyhow—had given Stanford that four-touchdown lead, and despite the fact that the Razorbacks had often resembled some of those Wichita States they play, the game was there for Coach Frank Broyles' team to win at the very last. Forget everything else, the ease with which Plunkett had picked Arkansas apart and the bizarre moments in which Arkansas had staggered back—with end-around plays, with Jon Richardson's catching and run-

(Continued)

The day that almost had been won, but was. Arkansas' Bill Montgomery is taken to fourth and two, with victory in his grasp. By Mike Schiller.





ning, with Broyles desperately going at times with sophomore quarterback whee Joe Fergason (whom he had hoped to red-shirt). Forget all that.

The Razorbacks somehow have the ball on Stanford's five-yard line, needing two measly yards for a first down—recovering a fumble at midfield had given them this last chance—and just these other measly three yards on the bright AstroTurf for the tying touchdown. Then if Bill McClard couldn't boot the winning conversion, there were no catches in the White River, and Stanford would lose again like it did to Purdue and USC last year, with big Jim Plunkett helpless by the sideline, and with the defense coughing so loud that Stanford fans would feel an urge to call time and send in those loancoqs.

So this was it. But with "Whoooo, pig, soooo" ringing into the hot, humid night (the first half had been played in the hot, humid late afternoon), bounding Bill Burnett, Arkansas' best runner, got exactly zero on a bolt into the right side of his line. Bill Burnett usually leaves crumples behind him, but Stanford's middle linebacker, Jeff Siemsen, a 220-pound junior from Bakersfield, met him head-on. Burnett wiggled crazily in the air for an instant at the moment of impact, outstretched, like a diver who had forgotten whether it was going to be a ga-ga or a flip. Nothing. He went nowhere.

Now it was fourth down and still two yards, perhaps a long one-and-a-half. Arkansas time-out. Twenty-nine seconds left. Ball still on the five or a few inches inside it. Bill Montgomery came to the sideline and conversed with Frank Broyles. It had to be a sprint-out option. Bill would look first for Chuck Dicus, his fine receiver. He had managed to find him once for a touchdown, at least. He would look for Dicus, but out and run if daylight appeared. All he wanted was two yards. He got one.

When Montgomery, who had been demoralized at times by a Stanford rush that more so by his own anemic passing, looked for Dicus as he darted out to his left, he found him covered by Stanford's Ben Barnes. So he turned to run. But up came the other linebacker, Mike Simon, Mike cracked Montgomery

down with a considerable amount of authority, and everyone could plainly see that Arkansas hadn't made it; that, indeed, the game had been won by the team that appeared to have won it much earlier, and probably deserved it.

Those who think the 11th game is new to college football have not studied their history. Back in the middle 1930s in the Southwest, part of the South and part of the West, there were teams taking on as many as 12 foes in the regular season. A long, long time ago, of course, the powers of the game, the lives of the 1990s, rarely played fewer than 13 games in a season and often as many as 16. They frequently challenged two and three colleges in a single week.

Arkansas' Frank Broyles, ironically, was one of the real forces behind the new rule permitting 11 games. Every school needs money, he argues, and an extra game could add maybe as much as \$200,000 in revenue. Frank also used the 11th game to beef up a schedule that is often criticized. Next year Arkansas plays California and for two years after that the Razorbacks have none other than USC.

If the Little Rock game got a good rating, it wasn't because it was a big quarterback shoot-out, as predicted. Plunkett made it a fairly one-sided show. There were times when no quarterback, ever, could have looked better. He devoured a good defensive football team—and sometimes a great one—mainly with short, dump passes out to the side and over the middle to his backs, and with flares and screens, exhibiting his remarkable ability always to find the "hot" receiver, as Stanford calls the open man, or the "cheap" receiver, as Arkansas calls him.

Discovering that the Arkansas defense was Plunkett-conscious, Jim took advantage of it by sending his tough fullback, Hillary Shockley, off the flanks and against the inroads of the Razorbacks for 117 yards, including a 43-yard romp for the game's first touchdown.

Plunkett hit 22 of 39 passes for 262 yards and one touchdown. His statistics might have been better—not that those are exactly embarrassing—if he hadn't had a "tired" second quarter, when he went 3 for 13. He said he not only got tired but the humidity, to which he was unaccustomed, made his hands sweat and he couldn't control the ball so well. No opponent had ever gotten a Broyles

team down by four touchdowns in Arkansas, but more bothersome to the Razorbacks was how horribly easy it had seemed. No matter where Stanford started from, whether 80 yards away or something less, Plunkett just moved the Indians as if he were opening against San Jose State again. But he had done this last season, too, against strong teams, in what John Ralston calls "the year that might have been." Plunkett had Purdue stunned 35-21, but Stanford was beaten. And he had USC in shock 32-0, but Stanford lost on the last play of the game. And he had UCLA, dizzy by 17-6, only to get no better than a tie. Thus Stanford was 7-2-1 on a season that could have been 10-0-0. Last week, however, might have been the start of The Year This Is.

"Our defense finally came of age," said Ralston.

Frank Broyles, meanwhile, will search long and hard to try to figure out what happened to his Razorbacks. They clearly weren't themselves as they stood around on defense for a whole half, nor as Bill Montgomery woefully missed the first seven passes he threw, and 11 of the first 12, and was so ineffective that Broyles grudgingly sent in Joe Fergason, the highly prized rookie from the same Shorepoint high school that gave the world Terry Bradshaw.

It was Fergason, a whip-arm thrower, who got Arkansas moving for its first touchdown, and then it was the other sophomore, the surrealistic Jon Richardson, who chased down a 37-yard wobbler of a pass from Montgomery for the score that gave Arkansas some reason for hope. It was the catch that narrowed the margin to 23-14 at the half.

It went back to 34-14 right away, but Dicus caught an eight-yarder from Montgomery for one Arkansas touchdown and then Richardson, the son of a postman in Little Rock, went back into action. He took a screen pass, dancing and ducking 17 big yards, to set up the Arkansas score that drew the Razorbacks within six points toward the end.

Arkansas might have considered using Richardson there at the last, using him to do something. He might have won it, somehow, catching or running. It would have done even more wonders for Arkansas' integration. But perhaps he did enough as it was, and, after all, it really had been Jim Plunkett's game all the way.

END

PHOTOGRAPH BY KEVIN KUCHENBERGER

Plunkett put Stanford up enough to survive, never like Joe Richardson's TD reception.

SUDDEN DEATH AT FOREST HILLS

There was a lot of talk about a lethal new tie-breaker rule at the U.S. Open tennis championships, but the real killer was Ken Rosewall, who beat fellow Australian Tony Roche in the finals by **WALTER BINGHAM**

The climax of a major tennis championship often arrives well before the finals, and if it were legal, all play should be suspended at that point. Cut and print, everybody go to lunch. That's certainly the way it was at Forest Hills last week, at least from a U.S. standpoint. Again it was an all-Australian men's final, just like the ones your grandfather told you about, the same kind that have been going on forever. This year it was Ken Rosewall beating Tony Roche, while in the ladies' division Margaret Court was completing her grand slam by beating Rosemary Casals. Another chorus of *Walzing Matilda*, please.

The tournament should have ended Thursday morning, shortly before the start of the men's quarter-finals. There had already been enough memorable matches to savor during the long winter, and, of the eight remaining players, four were Americans. Yes, four. That hasn't happened much lately.

The prospects for the day were delicious. Dennis Ralston against Cliff Richey, for instance, two guys you won't find at the same dinner table by choice—and in this case the U.S. couldn't lose. Ralston was the hero of the hour, having knocked out top-seeded Rod Laver in five exciting sets, by far the biggest win in a checkered career. Richey, too, had been a former champion. Manuel Santana, the deft but aging Spaniard. It promised to be an intriguing match, winner vs. temper.

The winner would meet Roche, the only one of the leading Australians without a Wimbledon or Forest Hills title thus far, or an unknown, Brian Fairlie of New Zealand, who had slipped through a weakness in the draw to reach this round. Perhaps he could slip past Roche, too.

Stan Smith had made it to the quarter-finals by beating Ray Emerson, the first time in his life he had ever done so. Now he was to face another Australian legend, Rosewall, who at 35 had looked as brilliant as he did when he won at Forest Hills in 1956.

Finally, there was the feature attraction, Arthur Ashe, the 1968 winner, against John Newcombe, the current Wimbledon champion. A battle of serves, bomber against bomber, two classy heavyweights. Ashe had not looked much like a champion since he beat Tom Okker in the finals two years ago, but in his fourth-round match, again against Okker, his skill suddenly had revived, the explosive serve, the lightning returns.

So that was what was on tap for the day, Thursday, Sept. 10, those four matches plus an assortment of other goodies—women's singles and all kinds of doubles. With some luck, the U.S. could place three players in the semis. Maybe even the New Zealander could win. No Aussies at all. Imagine!

Which is why the tournament should have ended right there. Rosewall and Smith were the first to take center court, and they weren't out there long. Smith is normally a strong server, but against Rosewall, one of the best returners in the game, he seemed to be pressing. He double faulted nine times, and in three sets he won only six games. Throughout the brief encounter he looked like a dinosaur trying to stalk a mongoose. So long, Stan.

Next came Richey and Ralston. (Meanwhile, on an outside court, Fairlie was definitely not slipping by Roche, losing in three straight sets.) As Ralston was to say later, he felt dead from the start, an emotional letdown following his victory over Laver. Richey won in three sets.

Late in the afternoon, with the light beginning to fade, Ashe and Newcombe took the court in what many people regarded as a sort of finals in the quarter-finals, for surely either man was as good or better than anyone else playing that day. Ashe lost the first set 6-1, looking remarkably like the Arthur Ashe who lost so easily to Andre Gimeno at Wimbledon in late June. But in the second set his tremendous serve began to rip past Newcombe and the two players

reached 6-6, which at Forest Hills this year meant sudden death, a nine-point tie breaker, first player to win five points won the set.

Newcombe reached a commanding position at 3-3 with three serves coming up, but Arthur hit the first of them for a winner and was at set point. Then Ashe did what he does all too often, the thing that prevents him from being the best player in the world. Newcombe served, and Ashe hit the ball in the net. Newcombe served again, and again Ashe hit the ball into the net. Simple. Newcombe never had to hit a volley with much point against him, for Ashe never put the ball into play. Ashe hits as many great shots as anyone in the world, but he doesn't hit enough good ones. He won the third set, but Newcombe won another tie breaker in the fourth to close out the match.

So there it was, Three Aussies in the quarter-finals, those in the semis. Four Americans in the quarter-finals, one in the semis.

The destruction of the U.S. forces was completed two days later in the semi-finals when Roche humiliated Richey in three sets, the last one 6-1. The other match was a gem, Rosewall gaining revenge for his loss in the Wimbledon final by giving Newcombe a lesson in the return of serve, as well as assorted other strokes.

In the finals Rosewall completed a remarkable tournament by beating Roche in four sets, again showing a younger, harder-hitting countryman that tennis can be an art and that sheer power can be stepped by a delicate touch. Rosewall had one desperate moment. At one set apiece he served at 5-6 in the third and three times allowed Roche to reach set point. Each time he saved himself. Winning the game to make it 6-6, he then crushed Roche in sudden death. Essentially, that was it. Rosewall broke Roche's first serve in the fourth set and quickly won 6-3. In seven matches he lost only two sets. When he won 14 years ago he lost four, which obviously

proven he is twice as good as he was then.

Long after it is forgotten exactly which Australian did win at Forest Hills in 1970, it will be remembered that this was the first year of sudden death and sets with odd-looking scores of 7-6. What a success it turned out to be! As Ashe said following his second tie breaker with Newcombe: "When I went to serve at 2-4, you could have heard a pin drop. The silence was spooky."

What the nine-point tie break was designed to do was put an abrupt end to a set that might have continued—who knows how long? A score of 16-14 may look exciting in again type, but any two clods with big serves and no strokes can produce a set like that. Sudden death cleared them off the court. Better yet, it provided the most exciting moments of the tournament. On center court, when-

ever a set reached 6-6, a large red flag was unfurled inside the stadium signaling a tie break was about to begin. Smaller red flags were used on the outside courts, so that wandering fans could hustle along the pathways to watch the crucial points.

The format was simple: Ashe, say, would serve two points, then Newcombe two. The players would change sides. Ashe would serve twice more, and finally Newcombe three. Ah, you might argue, an advantage for Newcombe, serving five times, but in practice the sudden-death sets seemed to split about even between those who served first and those who received. In one memorable example, when Nicki Pilic beat Pancho Gonzalez, Pilic won two serves, Gonzalez two, Pilic two more. Now Pancho had his three serves coming up, which looks good on paper, but on the court it was 2-4, triple set

point against him. Under that pressure, Gonzalez dumped his first volley in the net for the set, whereupon he hit the ball he would have used for his second serve out of the stadium.

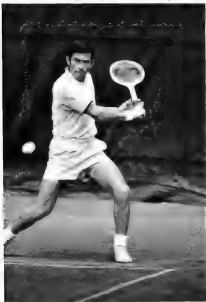
There were other exciting sudden deaths. In an early ladies' match, Virginia Wade and Sharon Walsh, a promising California teen-ager, matched four points apiece. Since Miss Walsh had lost the first set, it was match point against her, set point against Miss Wade. A nervous rally developed, both girls afraid to go for a winner. Finally Miss Wade took the net, forcing Miss Walsh to try a passing shot. The result was a long, loopy shot which Miss Wade confidently let go, only to watch it fall like a dying duck on the baseline. Set to Miss Walsh.

The players, as a group, were leery of the new rule. Gonzalez, an old dog, found it difficult to learn the new trick. "I use up more energy in a tie break than I do in a whole set," he said. "I may have a heart attack out there." Laver said he would prefer to play the 12-point sudden death in which a player must win by two points, reasoning that under the current system you can win every point you serve in an entire set and still lose.

In one form or another, sudden death is almost certain to be a part of tournament tennis from now on. It should be pointed out right here that the tie break is the creation of James Van Alen, the 48-year-old Newport millionaire, who for 12 years has been urging—no, biddering—tennis to modernize its scoring system. Surely you have heard of VASSS, the Van Alen Simplified Scoring System—one, two, three, as in table tennis. It is true that Jimmy can come on awfully strong when he starts in on the subject of updating the tennis scoring system to accommodate such things as television, but tennis needs to be hit over the head with a sledgehammer before it will change anything. Last year Van Alen finally got the USLTA to incorporate sudden death into its official rules, and this year, with the help of Bill Talbot, the tournament director, he convinced the USLTA to try sudden death at Forest Hills. As it became an instant success, there were signs last week that the USLTA would have you believe it thought up the system. For the record, it did not. Old Jimmy Van Alen did. Now if he's any good at all, he'll figure out a way for U.S. tennis players to beat the Aussies.

899

Wiltse's backhand was deadly, and it kept Nicke on the move throughout the match.



NIJINSKY'S TRIPLE WAS A LARK

Easy winner of his third English classic, Charles Engelhard's colt moves on to the Arc de Triomphe in France and, possibly, a race in this country

by DAVID HEDGES



It wasn't a horse race—Nijinsky's St. Leger. It was a demonstration of sustaining nonchalance on the part of one horse and one jockey, who scoffed at the laboring efforts of the best that England and Ireland could produce for the final classic race of the English season. But it had a 30,000 crowd roaring approval over the last half furlong and thousands rushing to just all approaches to the winners' enclosure, so that Owner Charles Engelhard of New Jersey found his way there with difficulty almost five minutes after Nijinsky had held court for an army of cameramen.

Making his eight rivals appear like so many grandfathers competing against a laughing Olympic gold medalist, Nijinsky became England's first Triple Crown winner since Bahram in 1935, adding to his victories in the first two legs of this elusive prize—the Two Thousand Guineas at Newmarket and the Derby on Epsom's undulating course—with a win that brought his earnings to \$372,915, just a few thousand short of Sea-Bird's all-time European record.

Yet that great old English joke, the weather, could so easily have robbed Nijinsky's admirers of what was probably their last chance to see him in action on

an English course. The Canadian-bred colt had won 10 straight coming up to the St. Leger, and Vincent O'Brien, the masterly ex-trainer of jumping horses who now polishes flat-race champions, did not want to tarnish the record of a horse who had just been syndicated for stud duties for a world record of \$5.4 million.

Nijinsky would definitely not run in the St. Leger, he said, if the Doncaster turf course (one mile and 6½ furlongs) were saturated by rain. There was plenty of that about in the British Isles in the fortnight before the race and, had the track become heavy, O'Brien was prepared to withdraw the colt. Nijinsky's starry night might have been exposed to too severe a test after a preparation that had been handicapped by an outbreak of the equine disease of ringworm.

While an airplane waited in Ireland for a final decision, O'Brien kept Nijinsky entered in a lesser race 24 hours later than the St. Leger, at Longchamp, where the ground was reported perfect. But the rain that fell heavily in many parts of England skirted Doncaster, and 48 hours before the St. Leger Nijinsky was flown across the Irish Sea. He was stabled near Doncaster, the grim indus-

trial town about 200 miles north of London, where racing has been taking place on the flat expanse of town moor for some 250 years.

St. Leger day started anything but well for Jockey Lester Piggott, who was bidding for his 17th win in an English classic with Nijinsky. By the time the main event came around, anyone who believed in winning and losing streaks would have run a mile rather than bet the 2-to-1 odds that the bookmakers offered on Engelhard's colt. In the first race the lean, pale-faced Piggott, who fights a continuous battle against weight, was beaten a short head. In the second Leander, one of five Engelhard runners during the day, decided 50 yards after the start that he had done enough, gave an enormous back and landed his jockey on the turf at a speed of about 35 miles an hour. Somewhat shaken, Piggott walked to the weighing room through ironic clapping and ribald remarks. Leander was a heavily backed favorite and the fact that Piggott was shortly going to be beside probably the best horse in the world did not prevent a few of the locals from adding biting comment to his long stroll.

The biggest problem now was that Le-



With 200 yards to go, Nijinsky roars on the lead while Meadowville is engulfed indignity.

ender was still galloping loose on the town moor's expense, wearing the saddle that Piggott regarded as lucky, certainly when attached to Nijinsky's broad back. While all the St. Leger runners paced the preliminary parade ring and the stewards, bowler-hatted and with red crests in their buttonholes, looked anxiously at their watches, Nijinsky walked about saddleless for nearly 25 minutes until Leander was recaptured, the saddle retrieved and Lester Piggott weighed out by the clerk of the scales.

Nijinsky, who had sweated alarmingly before winning the Irish Sweep Derby, and to a lesser extent before the King George VI and Queen Elizabeth Stakes at Ascot, took all this in stride. Apart from a little dizziness on his shoulder, he looked calm and collected—and magnificent.

A standstill in the paddock, he was a dropout when the race started, however. Piggott happily relinquished a good break from the gate to allow Nijinsky to lope along at the rear of the field as the unconsidered Whandamus cracked along in front at a good pace. From Doncaster's last bend to the winning post is a flat, accelerating $4\frac{1}{2}$ furlongs. A furlong before the field turned into the

straight, Piggott was still content to be back in eighth place, with only Meadowville, who had been second to Nijinsky in the Irish Sweep Derby, behind him and some 10 lengths separating him from the pace horse.

A furlong in the straight, Whandamus collapsed like a pricked balloon, and the American-bred Politico, owned by Mrs. Ogden Phipps, went on, chased by Charlton, carrying the colors of Queen Elizabeth. But suddenly and effortlessly there was Nijinsky leaping down the necks of the leaders, with Piggott coolly looking round at the other runners and assessing the situation. It looked good.

As Sandy Barclay, Politico's rider, said afterward, "I was sure my horse was going to run a good race, and he was going flat out for the winning post, but suddenly this head appeared." It was the winningest head in European racing, and without Piggott having to exert himself in any way Nijinsky coasted to the lead 300 yards from the wire while jockeys all around were diving as hard as they could.

Piggott glanced to his left at Politico, to his right at the fading royal hope, Charlton, and saw that the advancing

Meadowville was no real danger. In the last 50 yards, with that singfroid that has frightened the life out of many a tough racing man in the past, England's champion jockey allowed Nijinsky to dawdle in front. As Nijinsky eased up, Meadowville and Politico appeared to close on him as though they had accelerated and the issue was in doubt, but never have two horses been more flattered than by the official verdict of one length and a length and a half that separated them from the winner at the finish.

As Nijinsky was led away and the crowd in the unadorned enclosure began to thin out, O'Brien admitted that Nijinsky's future had not always been as safe as a bank. "Sir Ivor was always a relaxed sort of horse and nothing ever worried him," he said of the 1968 Epsom Derby and Washington, D.C. International winner. "But this fellow has been different, and there was a time, when he was a 2-year-old, when he might have gone the wrong way and become very difficult to manage. Now he is much more relaxed, knows what it is all about and is a good traveler."

Charles Engelhard, too, might be termed a good traveler, particularly when Doncaster is the destination. He races on an extensive scale in South Africa as well as in Europe and the U.S., has visited this northern industrial town four times since 1964 and each time has won the St. Leger—with Indiana, Ribocco, Ribeco, and now Nijinsky.

There is no question of Nijinsky's being hurried into retirement now that his syndication is completed and the Triple Crown safely in the bag. His next race will be the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe, the world's most testing championship race, on Oct. 4. "After that we will see," said Engelhard's smiling, pink-faced European racing manager, David McCall, refusing to commit himself on whether it would be the Churcheon Stakes at Newmarket or Belmont Park's Man o' War Stakes, both due to take place on Oct. 17. O'Brien may feel that the 13 days between the Arc de Triomphe and either of these races would not give Nijinsky sufficient time and that the stable might consider an invitation to Laurel's International, a race in which three Engelhard horses Aisagas, Ribocco and Havaii—have started without success. So Maryland or New York may have the privilege of seeing a great horse in action for the last time.

END



INDY WHEELS WEST, FAST AND FANCY

The cast of characters from America's foremost race moved into a handsome new auto shrine in Southern California, and swung **by ROBERT F. JONES**

With splendid disdain for other types of racing, the United States Auto Club refers to its big-car circuit as the "Championship Trail." There is indeed much to support the haughty exclusivity of that title. For more than half a century, the big cars have epitomized American automobile racing. The oval tracks

they run on—at places like Milwaukee, Langhorne, Trenton and Indianapolis—are shrines to the American worship of speed and danger. Their drivers, from Oldfield and Shaw through Vukovich and Bettenhausen to Foyt and Andretti, have always been heroes in the best American, tough-guy tradition—hard,

scarred and fearless. Over the Labor Day weekend, USAC extended its Championship Trail to Southern California, where "speed" is understood to be a whitish powder used for shooting up, and where "tough" is like "cool" or "boss," as in "Those are tough love beads, man." Still, for all the potentially disastrous failures in cultural communication, the first California 500 was a success. All that was needed to make it a grand success was tradition.

Certainly the setting was a success. The brand-new, \$25.5 million Ontario Motor Speedway may be the handsomest autodrome in the world and, by the time its palm trees, floral shrubs and dichondra lawns come into their full glory, it will rival even such hotspots as Santa Anita and Belmont Park in racing grace. Since nature is adamant in its refusal to meet California's instant deadlines, the OMS management had to spray the grass around Victory Circle with goose paint the day before the race. "No one will notice, and anyway it's prettier than the real thing," said David B. Lockton, the track's 33-year-old, hyperenthusiastic president. An Indianapolis lawyer who only recently arrived in Southern California, Lockton is still in the start-track phase, and the grounds were crawling with more movie and television faces than the Warner lot's lunchroom. Lockton's own looks and manner were vaguely starry-eyed. As he galloped around on the eve of race day, ordering and countermanding orders in the same breath, one driver said: "Hey, I didn't realize Jerry Lewis was running this show."

The speedway's main attraction, of course, is the four-cornered, 2½-mile oval track, unashamedly patterned on the Indy Brickyard (indeed, a stretch of bricks from the original Indy course forms the center of the big blue 0 in Victory Circle). But the track differs from Indianapolis by being one lane wider and banked a bit differently; the short straights between the nine-degree-banked turns are not dead level, as at Indy, but are banked at four degrees. This permits drivers to take the linked corners faster than at Indianapolis—the 33-car field for the California 500 averaged 172.540 mph vs. 167.159 for this year's Indy 500—but it poses some dangers as well. "Everyone says it's a carbon copy of Indy," said A. J. Foyt after qualifying at 174.343 mph. "Well, it's

net; it's something very much else. We're all going to have to learn it from scratch."

In addition to the big-car oval (which can also be used for stock-car races), OMS contains a 3.3-mile road course that winds its 22 corners through the infield, plus a quarter-mile drag strip that doubles as part of Pit Row. Lockton and his partner, Wall Street Broker Dan Lufkin, would like to gain FIA approval for a second U.S. Grand Prix Formula 1 race at Ontario, and others in the organization are interested in a Sebring-style endurance run. One of the few flaws in the speedway's design, however, is the inaccessibility of the road course to good spectator viewing. Many stretches of the road circuit are sunken, and tall fences prevent access to the most exciting corners. The oval track, though, can be viewed from anywhere in the 140,000-seat stands: the back straightaway is 30 feet higher than the front straight, and even a man in the lowest row, itself 30 feet above track level, can see every part of the big oval. He would miss much of the action on the road course.

Most automobile racetracks in both Europe and America are sadly lacking in decent restaurants, lounges and hospitality suites. Not Ontario. The five-story, red-and-gray Central Activities Building, which bears a striking resemblance to Oakland Coliseum (no doubt because the Bay Area contracting firm of Stolte, Inc. built both), is a stately pleasure dome compared to Indy, Watkins Glen or even the Daytona International Speedway. The key to the complex is the Victory Circle Club: a restaurant and bar featuring coffee royal for race-day breakfast and a slightly hazy view of every part of the course throughout the day. The food is a cut above California average and the drinks cost no more than a dollar. Membership in the Victory Circle Club is \$250 a season, which currently numbers only four races but soon should include more.

On the floor above, Lockton, Lufkin & Co. lease a dozen hospitality suites to business biggies—Firestone, Marlboro, Sears, etc.—for \$30,000 a year. The suites are posh: Directional furniture, muted bar fittings, a superior buffet, lie-down carpeting and perfect visibility.

Another big drawback to most auto racetracks is communications. With cars roaring past at every other instant, and with the Doppler effect playing yo-yo sound games on the spectators' ear-

drums, it is usually impossible to make even fractional sense of any track's public-address system. There is a psychedelic quality to the news: "Andretti is trying to passoooooo Foyt just aparagoooo of number threoooo!" Even if one could hear the announcements, it would hardly be worth the listening since they customarily know more about hyping up crowds than about racing. Ontario's announcer for the premier event, one Dean Webber, was no exception. At many points late in the race he confused the leads by more than a lap, and once mixed up the lap count (110) with the average speed (164). Until auto racing entrepreneurs decide to let calm-voiced, racewise men tell the crowd what's happening, the only way to follow a race's development has to be visual. To that end, Ontario has three electronic scoring pylons, topped by the lap number and followed by a moment-by-moment listing of the top nine leaders. Every 20th lap the average speed is displayed atop the pylons. The figures are as accurate as unofficial tallies can be: a trackside computer sends them up from information relayed by tiny radio transmitters mounted on each car.

Clearly, Lockton and Lufkin did their homework on racetrack building. They visited tracks from Monza to Mexico City, decided what was lacking in everything from toilet facilities to information, and tried their best to eliminate those deficiencies from Ontario's design. The ultimate test, however, could only be a major race, and that came early last week.

All through the two weeks of trials and qualifying, a shroud of acrid smog had hung over the speedway's environs. At times during qualifying, the cars seemed to evaporate into Turn Two and then reconstitute themselves about a third of the way down the back straight. There is nothing a track owner in Southern California can do about smog—Lockton frequently denied it was even there, squinting into a questioner's eyes as if smog were a nonsense syllable—but he can pray for wind to blow the smog away. Lockton's prayers were answered. The San Gabriel Mountains, which stand to the north of Ontario like a pine-topped wall, recently had been invisible. With dawn on race day, they stood clear and harsh and clear, a splendid backdrop for violent automotive movement. One hangup was unbear-

The next big question mark was traffic. Ontario Motor Speedway is set just to the north of the San Bernardino Freeway, and provides 53,000 free parking spaces for crowds which Lockton hopes will someday reach 200,000 per race. Getting those cars into and out of those parking spaces could prove a headache, if not an unmitigated disaster. Yet, as the traffic poured in from Los Angeles, 40 miles to the west, there was a minimum of jamming. The Ontario gesticulators were sensible, polite and—wonder of wonders!—even helpful. Carloads of fans from points as distant as Playa del Rey reached the parking lots in less than two hours' time, a marvel in freeway logistics. "I've had a harder fight getting into Dodger Stadium for a middle-of-the-week day game," said one amused Angeleno. End Hangup No. 2.

With the fans in their seats (or swilling coffee royal in the Victory Circle Club), the next problem was one of orchestration. Not only must the cars get off on time (11 a.m. in this instance), but the fans must simultaneously be brought to a fever pitch so that, when the green flag goes their crazy, crosswise dance for the start, the crowd is ready to swear that nothing could be more exciting. It happens every year at Indy, but could it happen here?

Well, not quite. But the lack of Indy-style excitement was due more to the naivety of the crowd and the lack of an Ontario tradition—a deficiency easily remedied through time—than to any failing of the management. Indeed, the pre-race show was a three-ring circus, in the style of Le Mans, which Lockton and Lufkin had studied. There was a quasi-military parade of firefighting equipment—a battalion of Dodge trucks with firehose gun mounts and heliported firemen straight out of *Forbidden City*, led by a weird beast known as the Annual X-2, a 130-mph crash tank capable of squirting 30 feet of foam or water on any wack anywhere this side of San Bern-deo. There was an impressive display of stunt flying by "Skip Wolf and his Chepunks." There was an obnoxious pirating flight, in which the tow-rope broke on liftoff and the flier did a miraculous full gainer to land precisely on his take-off spot. There were flags, flags, flags—until even the hardest of the resident hardhats grew a bit bored with red, white and blue. And then there was the wind—25 knots out of the northwest—which

continued

played the only dirty trick of the day on Ontario. It worked its way under the checkered tarps holding down 50,000 paracolored balloons, which were to be released just before the start, and sent them leaking out toward San Diego in a gaudy swirl. On the other hand, the wind lifted many a mislaid and scaled away many a cowboy hat, much to the delight of the crowd.

The start itself was ragged. Lockton had imported Indy's Tony Hulman to say, "Gentlemen, start your engines!" but the Indy magic doesn't travel well. In that bright California sun, and with the Ontario theme song, *The Impossible Dream*, still cloying the airframe, Hulman's words ring hollow and flat. Lloyd Ruby and his "Silent Majority Special" sat on the pole, having qualified at 173.567 mph, and that, too, added a note of incredulity to the proceedings. Ruby is a notorious non-finisher. A lot of affection was directed toward Dan Gurney, the No. 2 qualifier, since Southern California is Dan's turf and his dark blue Eagle-Offy was, at least, meticulously well-prepared. Indy Winner Al Unser, in the second row, and the dangerous duo of Foyt and Andretti in Row Three also drew oohs and ahs from the crowd: they knew those names. Some of the smart money was betting that young Steve Savage, in the Gurney-prepared Eagle-Ford, the only stock-block car in the race, would be the winner. Ontario's high speeds and higher heat (up

to 100° during the afternoon) rendered the turbocharged Fords and Offenhausers suspect. It would be a race of attrition, everyone agreed. It was.

The field took the green flag after two warmup laps—and the start was on time. That's important. Almost immediately, the dropouts started dropping. Roger McCluskey pitted on the first lap. On lap two, Jim (Iron Hercules) Hummels slammed the wall in Turn Three with his red Gurney Special, the only front-engine car in the race. Herc suffered a mild concussion and the sentimentalists in the crowd a mild heartache. (How dreamy if an old-timer roadster could win just one more big race, but it was not in the cards.) Johnny Rutherford, the No. 3 qualifier and always a threat, as they say, blew his engine on the sixth lap, and some cynics began muttering: "This race will be over in 20 minutes." It darn near was: Mark Donohue, usually a loser if not a winner, popped a piston and was out within 20 miles. Ruby went a short time later. Gurney crashed the wall on lap 99 just a few yards ahead of Hummels's impact point and was finished. "I hit it hard enough to knock the wheels off and give me a bit of a headache," lamented Dan later. He gave his fans a bit of a fright, too.

With Al Unser comfortably in the lead, the race was truly an Indy copy, and now a dull one at that. One by one, the only contenders for the lead dropped out. Joe Leonard with a spinout; Ma-

rio Andretti with a broken gearbox. Peter Revson, into the pits in his McLaren-Offy for an "insurance" relaying under a yellow flag, burned out a coil and lost 11 laps to Unser, only to come out later and finish fifth. Then Big Al himself went—with a blown engine on the 187th lap. Suddenly, what had been a dull, flat afternoon became anyone's race and perhaps the first race of tradition at the Ontario end of the Championship Trail.

There, in the lead, sat Lee Roy Yarbrough, a stock-car driver, of all things. And right behind him: Art Pollard of Modesto, Ore., who had started second from last in the field. Down in Victory Circle, California's Governor Ronald Reagan asked Dave Lockton: "Who is this guy Yarbrough? I ought to know about him if I have to give him the Governor's Trophy." Just as Lockton started to explain, Lee Roy's engine blew with a gout of blue smoke in the main straightaway. "Well," continued Reagan as the groans died away, "then who is this guy Pollard?"

He need not have asked. An Announcer-Dean Webster so aptly described the final confusion: "That's what a 500 is all about. You can be fast as the dickens for 499 laps—check that, I mean 199 laps, I mean 499 miles. . . ." With the 200th and final lap just around the corner, Texan Jim McElreath passed Pollard and took the checkered flag, along with \$155,884 in prize money. The winner's speed was 160.106 mph, a new record for a USAC 500-mile race. There had been only five yellow caution flags, for a mere 21½ minutes, indicating that while Ontario may be hell on engines and tires, what with its high speeds and heat, it is a safe course. There were but four spinouts, and no injuries beyond Hummels's concussion and Gurney's headache. All in all, a good show.

Except for Governor Reagan, As McElreath's car was backed into Victory Circle for the customary honors, Ontario's upright, crowd-controlling security failed and a bunch of eager photographers scrunched the Guy against the Coyote-Ford's still-sizzling tailpipes. "It rained the Governor's beautiful white jacket there," said Dave Lockton later. "I know that breaks you all up. But I'm damn well satisfied, and I know we'll do much better next year."

If they do, then the Championship Trail will have a happy ending. **END**



Only seventh on track in start of 173 laps, unknown winner Jim McElreath (14) passes turning car.

JIM PECK...

outdoorsman and veteran guide in Wisconsin's Northwoods.

"I've cooked many a shore lunch over a wood fire.

Believe me, you can't beat the taste
of freshly fried fish and good ol' Miller High Life beer.

It's the perfect end
to any fishing day!"

MILLER MAKES IT RIGHT!





PRO FOOTBALL '70

NEW

DECADE SETUP GAME

United at last through merger, realignment, and player-management peace, pro football shifts into the 1 and the '70s. Showing the way is Hank Stram, whom they called a nut, but who never lost faith in his seminal "moment of doubt" by **TEX MAULE**

When the Kansas City Chiefs defeated the Minnesota Vikings in the Super Bowl, Hank Stram attributed the victory in no small part to his tactical genius, which he called—the capital letters implicit in his tone of voice—The Football of the Future.

Although he is somewhat given to hyperbole, in this case Stram was undoubtedly right. The Chiefs dazzled the Vikings with their footwork and, because they succeeded, pro football has probably left the Lombardian block-and-tackle era and moved into a new decade that may well be dominated by the most sophisticated concept of the "moment of doubt."

The moment of doubt animates all of Stram's ideas, from the stack defense to the I formation and the moving pocket. It should be noted, however, that, with the possible exception of the stack defense, none of this is really new. The I

has been around since about 1910, and the moving pocket is a roll-out pass by another name. But the Stram approach—total change and, hopefully, total confusion—will be the hallmark of the '70s.

The game has become more sophisticated off the field, too. At the beginning of the last decade football players were willing to sweat and toil at camp and in exhibition games for the honor of making a team and about \$15 a week laundry money. Now they are paid to play exhibitions—or preseason games, as Commissioner Pete Rozelle, who is sensitive about such things, prefers. Moreover, this year the veterans went out on strike for a week, seeking, in the main, increased pension benefits (\$1, July 27 or so).

As far as the players are concerned, the decade of the '60s was the fluid years of interleague warfare, expansion and, at last, merger. The '70s, as Rozelle has put it, will be the decade of consolidation and stabilization. "I don't foresee any more expansion in the near future," he said not long ago. "I think we will have to solidify the games we have made so far."

Expansion probably will be postponed for at least five years, and when it comes it should come with a spate of six new teams, hopefully giving the National

Football League an opportunity to change its name to the International Football League, with several teams in Canada and one in Mexico City. But until then the league will look much as it does now, with two conferences of three divisions each and a complicated playoff system in which the best second-place team in each conference goes into the playoffs. And the best four teams in each conference will, very likely, use some of the Stram ploys and strategies that rival coaches once derided. In the decade to come Stram's I formation, moving pocket and stack defense will become as familiar as the pro set, 4-3 defense and the blitz and should guarantee even more exciting football.

Stram has been working on The Football of the Future for a long time. "I grew up in the shadow of Wrigley Field," he said recently. "I saw as many pro games as I could, and I found they created a feeling of excitement and curiosity. I wondered why all the pro clubs were doing basically the same thing, running from brown or red formations, using the 4-3 defense."

Stram was in his office at the Chief training camp in Liberty, Mo., on the campus of William Jewell College. The office was roughly the size of a basketball court and deeply carpeted, and behind his massive desk the big silver

Like bubbles rising from the ferment in Kansas City coach Hank Stram's brain are some of the bewildering formations that won the Super Bowl: 1) shotgun spread; 2) Kansas City stack, in which the linebackers hide behind the linemen; 3) triple wing; 4) 1 right 2 and 3; Kansas City tight 1, the grids of the Chiefs, from which all other formations flow.

trophy awarded the Super Bowl winner loomed impressively. A tape machine was playing popular music and, as Stram talked, one of his six children brought in a plate of chocolate cookies. Stram, who has a tendency to *embogues*, looked at them thoughtfully for a moment, sighed and picked one up.

"I didn't understand why more couldn't be done from an artistic standpoint," he said, regarding the cookie. "When I got a job with the Dallas Texans in 1960 I figured I'd try some of the ideas I had when I was an assistant at Purdue, Southern Methodist, Notre Dame and Miami." Stram played at Purdue,

and explained his theories to me and I was impressed. And when I offered him the job he didn't hesitate."

Hunt's selection of a rather obscure college assistant as head coach for a new pro club seemed ridiculous at the time, but it worked; Stram won more games than any other coach in the 10-year history of the AFL.

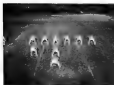
"It was an advantage, growing with the team," Stram said. "We all matured together—staff, players and me. It's ideal when you all learn together and grow up in the same system."

Dawson, by Stram's evaluation, is the perfect quarterback for the intricacies

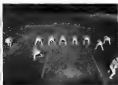
good example of that is what happened in the Super Bowl."

During the regular season the Chiefs had used Stram's triple-stack defense—with the linebackers playing behind the linemen instead of in the gaps between them—only about 30% of the time. "We used the stack 95%" against the Vikings," Stram said. "They had a tough time adjusting."

Stram's varied and perplexing offense was responsible for the opening touchdown in the first New York Jets game last year, which Kansas City won. The Chiefs had the ball on the Jet 18-yard line and Dawson brought his club



Mark Stram stands in disguise. He is the Man of a Thousand Formations. At left is the stack I, in which this Taylor sets to the left, disrupting the coverage. In the center is the camouflage slot, in which Taylor pops up in



the slot between guard and tackle. At right is one phase of the moving pocket, which dissipates pressure on Lee Dawson; in practice, the right side of the line flows right to protect him.

remained there as backfield coach, then moved on.

"I had tried the moving pocket at Purdue," he continued, after taking a bite of the cookie. "Len Dawson was my quarterback, and he did well with it. It put a different kind of pressure on the defense."

Stram didn't get a chance to put all his ideas into effect until 1960, when he was hired as head coach of Lamar Hunt's new American Football League.

"I traveled all over the country talking to coaches," Hunt said the other day. "The league was just starting, and most of the big names I talked to didn't want to take a chance. I had met Stram in the locker room after an SMU-Notre Dame game when he was at SMU and the Mustangs had upset Notre Dame. A lot of people recommended him to me, and I finally interviewed him on a trip to Miami when he was an assistant at the university there. He took me into a room and showed me game movies

of The Football of the Future, since he began learning the Stram system as an undergraduate. "The key to proper execution is that you can't ever go any faster than the quarterback's comprehension," Stram said. "Lee is a coach on the field; he has a total understanding of the philosophy and principles of my system."

The basis of Stram's attack is what he calls a dictator offense. "By that I mean we dictate to the defense what it can do," he explained. "In the old offenses, operating from one or two formations, the defense had very little adjustment to make. They could use an abundance of blitzes, for instance. You can't do that against 46 different offensive formations. Then the defense has to work out one defense and try to adjust it to all of our sets, and they can't adjust perfectly to any of them. Early in a game we'll discover which of our formations they have worked on most, then we'll shift to something else. The same thing, of course, is true of defense. A

out in the I, a formation that puts two backs and either the tight end or a wide receiver in a vertical line behind the quarterback and keeps the defense in front of him, where he wants it. When Kansas City shifted, Otis Taylor, a wide receiver who had been the up-man in the I, dropped into a slot between the offensive guard and tackle—a formation called slot over right (or left), or the camouflage slot. The ball was snapped on a quick count, and Dawson hit Taylor for a touchdown. No defender was within shouting distance of Taylor when he caught the ball.

"After the game," said Stram, "when the reporters asked the Jet coaches who had the responsibility for Taylor, they said they wouldn't know until they saw the films." (Taylor probably should have been picked up by Safety Jim Richards.)

"The I and some of the other sets are designed to trick the reaction time of the safeties," Stram explained. "The strong safety usually keys on the tight end. If the tight end is in the backfield,

the safety has to wait for the shift until he can react, and if we go on a quick count he doesn't have much time to read his key. In effect, the multiple formations deprive the defenses of their recognition experience. They have spent years reading certain keys, reacting, pursuing. What I wanted to do—what I think I did—is hit and go while they're still reading."

Stram's moving pocket has been just as effective in enhancing the Chiefs' passing game. Instead of dropping straight back for seven to nine yards, setting up and throwing, Dawson loops out to either side, with his offensive line moving with him, forming a mobile wall of protection against the rushers and opening up the passing lanes.

Contrary to popular belief, quarterbacks don't try to throw over the on-rushing linemen but through the gaps in the charge. In the last few years, this has become increasingly difficult as defenses have emphasized the all-out rush, in an attempt to suffocate the play at its origin. Stram calculated that ideally the defense should be kept in front of the passer and spaced out. The drop-back passer allows the rush to converge, while the moving quarterback forces the defense to hesitate and to cover more of the field, giving the offense the initiative for the first time in years.

Stram has refined the moving pocket since he first used it at Purdue with Dawson in the '50s. It's still a variation of the old roll-out pass but with more sophisticated blocking, making it a more difficult maneuver to defend against. In essence it's an application of schoolyard football, but the movement is by design, not opportunity.

"I changed the concept by not releasing the tight end," Stram said. "The defensive ends are the main people who are supposed to funnel everything back into the traffic in the middle. When the tight end stays in to block on the defensive end, the containing responsibility shifts to the linebacker. That takes away the possibility of the blitz, since the linebacker can't leave his position. Then the defensive line comes in at a slant, creating good blocking angles for our offensive line. They can't exert the pressure on the quarterback that they can in a straight drop-back pass play."

"The first time we used the moving pocket, holding the tight end in, was against the San Diego Chargers in 1964.

They had a couple of giant defensive linemen—Ernie Ladd and Earl Faison—and Faison and Ladd were knocking down six or seven passes a game against us. From the moving pocket Len completed his first 11 passes in a row, four of them for touchdowns."

Defenses still haven't caught up with the Kansas City offense. "We have enough variety to take advantage of any

play business, getting the best out of players. It takes no ability at all to out someone. The challenge is to make people express their full potential and make the sacrifices they must to do it. We're lucky here now. The veterans indoctrinate the rookies and provide them with an example. We have a reputation as one of the hardest-working teams in pro football, and I'm proud of it."

Stram has certainly sold his club on the productivity of his systems, and he has sold them on Stram, too. During the strike, when the veterans were vacillating as to whether or not they would play in the College All-Star Game, Stram hired a helicopter to take him from the Chiefs' training camp to the field where the vets were holding informal workouts. He dropped in on them on the morning of the day they were to vote and talked to them. They had already voted once to uphold the strike by not playing in the All-Star Game, but after Stram's visit they took another vote and reversed their decision.

Stram hasn't told anyone what he said to his players, but he has expressed his feeling in other contexts. "We must win," he says. "That's what this is all about. To win you have to sell your people on your ideas, and to do that you have to believe in them yourself. But the people do the blocking and tackling and execute the plays. You look for every little edge you can get, and that's why we use some things other people don't. I think there is a place for imagination in this game, and I like to think I coach with imagination. I don't claim the things I do are new, because nothing's really new in football. I expect to see a lot of clubs in the 1 and the stack defense, and I don't mind. Emulation is a great complement. The vets don't win the games on offense or defense. It's how and when you use them—the imagination you show in your concept."

Stram doesn't believe in making excuses, either. "You can't insulate yourself from defeat by saying, 'Well, I lost a receiver, or a back, or a quarterback.' Somehow, you have to find a way to win. It's just a greater challenge when you're handicapped by injuries."

Hank Stram relishes a challenge, and he's going to enjoy the challenge of the 70s immensely. After all, there is always a new future to build a system of football for.

MAULE'S (GULP!) PICKS

NATIONAL CONFERENCE

EAST

Washington

CENTRAL

Detroit

WEST

Los Angeles

AMERICAN CONFERENCE

EAST

Baltimore

CENTRAL

Pittsburgh

WEST

Kansas City

overloads they come up with," Stram said. "We'll put in some more variations this year, too. The moving pocket, for instance, doesn't eliminate the drop-back pass. We still use it about 25% of the time. And we vary it with a lot of play-action passes, too."

Since Stram has absolute charge of the club in all but fiscal matters, he can try anything he likes. And he is adamant about there being but one boss. "The coach has to be supreme," he said. "I establish the ground rules immediately for our rookies. They know what's right and what's wrong. You don't win with just ability. You have to have attitude and discipline, too."

Despite his deep interest in the tactical and strategic aspects of the game, Stram realizes that this isn't the coach's main challenge. "Selling in what's vital to a coach," he said. "We're in the pro-

CONTINUED

SCOUTING REPORTS

AMERICAN

EAST

Breaking Joe won't have the division all to himself anymore. There's a new boy on the block. John Umlas, the idol of West Street, U.S.R.—and his wonderful fists. And then there's Rex, too. Baltimore, jumping through hoops

Realignment has changed the American football conference's Eastern Division for the better. The addition of the Baltimore Colts will certainly revitalize what in recent years had become a rather lachrymose one-man show. The Narnath Knee Hour, they called it. Now the club that Broadway Joe bantered for in the old AFL's first Super Bowl victory is right there—and with blood in its eye. What's more, a Colt fairly load has also been added at another level: the Baltimore coach during its recent years of misadventure, Don Shula, skipped during the winter to the Miami Dolphins and rejoining them rapidly to the verge of championship contention.

Last year the Colts were 5-5-1—compared to 13-1 the year before—but their record is not indicative of their true worth. Baltimore should give rookie Coach Don McAfferty, who for 20 years was the Colts' offensive backfield assistant, at least a division title. With luck, and the continuing good health of Quarterback John Umlas, maybe more.

Consider. Between them, Umlas and his No. 2, Earl Morrill, are 75 years old, and age, class, is a factor of fragility. Indeed, many of the Colts are aging, a fact of which McAfferty—who is 49 himself—is well aware. For example, not long ago, Lou Michaels, 33, the club's placekicker, was brooding about Jim O'Brien, a rookie kicker out of Cincinnati. "I've never had this feeling before," Michaels remarked, "but I get the idea they really want to keep this kid." They did, and put Michaels on waivers, but it helped that O'Brien could also play some wide receiver. Other promising rookies are Ron Garcia of Arizona, who could start at left cornerback; Jim Bailey, a defensive tackle from Kansas; Billy Newsome, a defensive end out of Grambling; and Michigan Safety Tom Curtis.

So deep are the Colts in line young receivers that venerable figures like John Mackey, 28, Jimmy Orr, 34, and Willie



Richardson, 30, showed up after the strike having to fight for their jobs. Richardson didn't make it. Ray Perkins beat him out and Willie was traded to Pittsburgh for Roy Jefferson. Not did Orr. He was edged out by Eddie Hinton, 23.

In addition the Colts have a versatile offensive line, a young, aggressive linebacking corps, which has been stabilized after a midseason shake-up last year, the best safeties in the division in Rick York and Jerry Logan—and better morale than in 1968, when it might have overheard selling Shula: "Here, you take the huff and play quarterback."

Four for the Feather

However, the Colts are enstilled at cornerback and lack a running mate for Tom (Garbage Man) Matte, their power rusher. Norm Bulach of TCU, Baltimore's No. 1 draft pick, is the likeliest candidate now that his broken leg has come around.

"They'll all be out to get us," teased McAfferty ironically. "Over the years we've appreciated the best in the NFL. All of the old AFL teams will want to

do what the Jets did in the Super Bowl. It would be a feather in their caps."

Of course, no one wants that feather more than Joe Willie and the Jettes. Last year's failure can be traced to New York's defense, which broke down due to injuries to key people. This year it is again sound, with the exception of All-Pro End Gerry Phelan, who will miss half a dozen games following shoulder surgery. The secondary has got to be better. Jim Hudson is back full-time as strong safety; W. K. Hicks was obtained from Houston and will go at weak safety while Redskins Steve Tannen and Earle Thomas, at cornerback, have the speed to stay with the new breed of wide receiver. John Dockery, of Harvard, who played corner last season, seems to have acquired Webb Binkert's worth. "I just hope John doesn't become a silly Ivy League football thinker," he growled.

The Don Maynard-George Sauer Jr. pass-catching chorus is still aching and is reinforced by Matt and Jeff rookies. Richard Caster (6' 5") and Eddie Bell (5' 9"). Running backs Emerson Boozer and Matt Snell can will punch out



the yardage and are ably backed up by Lee White and George Nock, who has become most impressive. But who stands behind Joe Namath and his arthritic knees? Al Woodall, a second-year man from Duke, of whom, like the Edsel, great things were expected. One plus is the schedule. The Jets have always lost the easy ones; this year they don't have any.

Fast Worker

At Miami, Shula is building a ball club faster than the hotels used to go up along Collins Avenue. Coming off a 3-10-1 season, which put the Dolphins dead last in the weakling AFL East, Shula knew he had to work hard and fast. In Quarterback Bob Griese, Running Backs Jim Nick and Larry Csonka, and Middle Linebacker Nick Buoniconti he had the makings. But some ingredients had to go. Shula canned backup Quarterback Rick Norton, even though Norton had \$105,000 still coming to him on a \$150,000 salary-plus bonus deal. More important, he picked up Center Bob DeMarco from Pittsburgh and the renowned Paul Warfield from Cleveland. "The Dolphins

bought themselves into contention in the Eastern Division," commented Oakland's Al Davis when he saw Warfield catch one TD pass in traffic and set up another on a 46-yard pass in the exhibition win over Cincy.

Shula also obtained Tight End Merv Fleming from Green Bay, and drafted another big young feller who'll give Fleming a hassle for the spot: Jim Munchich of Michigan. Indeed, four rookies have made the club. Cornerback Tim Foley of Purdue and Safety Jake Scott of Georgia are practically sure starters barring injury. Scott, who played in Canada, is one of those hard-chargers whom coaches love to describe as "too dumb to choke."

Two rookie linebackers will flank All-Pro Buoniconti, Mike Kolen of Auburn and Doug Swift of Amherst—of Amherst? Swift—6'3", 230—is a free agent, something of an intellectual and a complete surprise. When asked during a hazing session to sing his school's fight song, the blond, bespectacled Swift was unable to comply. "To my knowledge," he said, "Amherst doesn't have one. We didn't exert ourselves overly, and only practiced two or three times a week."

Overall, Shula's employees have applied themselves so smartly to his new system that the team is bound to improve, and could win as many as eight games. The Dolphins should finish no worse than third in the five-team division and, with a bit of racing luck, could go even higher. If so, Offensive Line Coach Monte Clark's concept of positive feedback—"victories in terms of labor expended"—will have worked.

If dollars spent on acquiring new talent were any gauge of greatness, the Buffalo Bills should be at the pinnacle of pro football. Last year it was O. J. Simpson, this year Dennis Shaw, the San Diego State quarterback who emulated O.J. in his long-drawn-out signing negotiations (the outlandish Simpson, showing up at camp a day later than his fellow Californian did last year). O.J. is starting to pay off. So is Shaw, who showed he could move the club in an exhibition game with Atlanta, and may be the one to take over Jack Kemp's old starting berth, which he relinquished to run for Congress. Shaw has already

beaten out Jim Harris, the black, quarterback who was a flop in the preseason and was put on waivers. Shaw's remaining rivals are the well-battered Dan Darragh and Jim Ward, whom the Bills claimed from Baltimore.

Coach John Rauch is looking to youth in his defense, too—and, accordingly, has come up with a decidedly collegiate wrinkle: using Al Covellings as a rover. Booker Edgerson, 31, a mainstay at corner, was traded and replaced by Robert James, 23; Middle Linebacker Edgar Chandler, 24, beat out Harry Jacobs, 33, who was waived; and Pete Richardson, 23, supplanted the waived George Saines, 29, at free safety.

One offensive mainstay, Center Al Benaller, who had played in 174 games, was toppled and cut, but Paul Maguire, who holds the AFL career record for punts (712) and set an unsavory record of 800 punts last year, endures.

Last and Least

If the Shavian touch materializes, the Bills could avoid the cellar this year. The Boston Patriots probably won't. Under Coach Cleve Rusk, Running Backs Jim Nance and Carl Garrett were the whole show last year and appear to be about it this season, too. Wide Receiver Ron Sellers needs a sharper quarterback than Mike Taliaferro to become a threat.

Bad luck dogged the Pats in the preseason. In their only home game, five destroyed 20 rows of seats. Defensive End Larry Eisenhauer retired, leading the Pats to use their No. 1 draft choice on Phil Olson of Utah State—only to see Olson crippled in an All-Star practice session. Knee surgery will probably sideline him for the season. Actually, only two of the Patriots' first six draft choices emerged healthy. One rookie who should make the starting squad in Defensive End Dennis Wirgowski—and he more by attrition than talent.

In short, the Patriots will doubtless end up as also-rans once again. Still with the new/old face of Baltimore on the scene, even the Pats are eager to begin the new season.

"I'm looking forward to playing the old NFL teams," says Defensive Tackle Jim Hunt. "It'll mean even more once the regular season gets started."

OPENING

AMERICAN

CENTRAL



It'd either be miserable or incredible when Paul Brown's Bengals tackle his newspaper. While they battle for the state title, Pikerburgh, which had merely strived itself to improve its 1-12 record, could go all the way

The race in their division resembles a children's crusade. Each of the teams is young and growing, but Cleveland's children are a bit bigger, wiser and more talented. (But one large, blond, confident, sweet-smelling prodigy, name of Terry Bradshaw, could make them a bit sadder, too.) A blend of youngsters and proven veterans (there were 11 rookies on last year's team and there will be seven more this year), the Browns are set not only for this season but many to come. "We've had a great changeover with no drop-off in performance," says Tight End Mike Moris. "You never hear us talk of rebuilding. We're young, we should improve and there's only one way to go. Up."

One of the strongest offensive teams in football, the Browns should be even better this year with the addition of the stack 1 to their attack. An admitted copy of the Kansas City formation, Cleveland will use it perhaps 25% of the time and run from it about a quarter of that. "We have very specific reasons for putting it in," explains Offensive Coordinator Nick Skorich. "First, it will give us more flexibility. Here we're mainly concerned with freeing Lenny Kelly more. Teams have been overplaying against our sweep. With Kelly coming

out of the stack they won't be able to key on him so easily. We'll even run him out of the fullback position, so they won't be able to overload against him automatically. Second, it will help create hesitation in the defense. You give them only a limited time to set their formation and almost no time to anticipate into a new one. And third, we figure a lot of tears will be going to it in the future. It will help our defense get used to using it. It's a matter of self-defense."

Behind the ribs, the basics will be the same; an attack evenly balanced between the running of Kelly and Bo Scott and the passing of Bill Nelsen. Kelly's talents are irrefutable, and the passing, despite the trade of Paul Warfield to Miami, will still be as good as any. There is a plethora of receivers—Gary Collins, Moris, Chip Glass, Fair Hooker and Homer Jones (whom the Browns acquired from the Giants)—to run Skorich's intricate offense. The Brown attack differs from many, with patterns developing across the field at successive intervals rather than simultaneously, and led to the best balance in the old NFL (last year Collins caught 54 passes, Warfield 42 and Moris 37). Jones, a free-lancing receiver when he was with New York, has had trouble adjusting

to the Cleveland system, so Hooker, who worked behind Gary Collins last year and was a pleasant surprise during the preseason, will probably start.

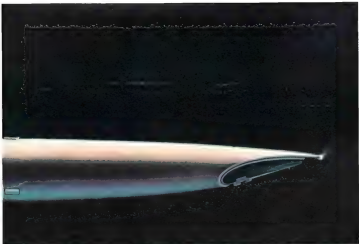
The only change in the line offensive line will be Joe Toffoni, a backup man for three years, replacing the retired Monte Clark at right tackle. The other four interior linemen—Tackle Dick Schafrath, Guards Gene Hickerson and John Demarcio and Center Fred Honglin—are proven regulars.

The defense will be greatly altered, however. "We hope to become more aggressive," says Linebacker Jim Houston. "To change our character, to become a more offensive defense."

Defense Attorney

"It's no secret that the Cleveland Browns have been offense-oriented for years," adds Defensive End Jack Gregory. "Everyone thinks we've been carried by them for the last couple of years. That kind of talk's going to change."

Last season the Browns played caution defense, but more by necessity than by choice. Before the season they lost two starting backs to injury and replaced them with rookies. "We had to cover up these weaknesses," said Defensive Coordinator Howard Brenke. "We had



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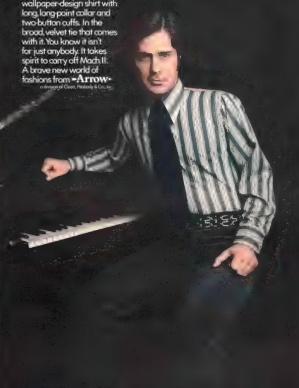


PARKER T-1-520



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You know who you are.
And how you'd feel in a
wallpaper-design shirt with
long, long-point collar and
two-button cuffs. In the
broad, velvet tie that comes
with it. You know it isn't
for just anybody. It takes
spirit to carry off Mach II.
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fashions from **-Arrow-**
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A black and white photograph of a man with dark hair, wearing a vertically striped long-sleeved shirt with a long-point collar and a dark tie. He is sitting at a piano, with his hands resting on the keys. The background is dark and moody.

Mach II. If the spirit moves you.

to help them out by dropping off our linebackers. This hurt us against the run." And with Safety Ernie Kellermann's ailing ankle on the mend and Right Corner Walt Sumner more experienced, Cleveland can be more aggressive.

Besides the new personality, there is a new person. Oklahoma State rookie Jerry Sherk replaces the traded Jim Kachicki at right tackle, joining last year's starters, Ends Gorgory and Ron Sadows and Tackle Walter Johnson. Houston, a Pro Bowl pick as left linebacker, moves to the middle to beef up a weak spot: Dale Lindsey, who was tried in the middle last year, moves back to the right side and John Garafano goes from right to left. "The biggest switch is mine," says Houston. "I have new reads and new responsibility. The others shouldn't have any trouble."

The changes have worked well and, barring injury, the Cleveland defense will be set for the first time in three years. "Our techniques have always remained the same," says Brinker. "But for the past couple of years we've been shifting personnel, experimenting, looking for people to do the job. We've had to cover up our weaknesses by pulling from our strengths."

The most successful team in history, Cleveland is now the most traveled as well, moving this year from the old NFL, into which it moved from the All-America Conference. "You know everyone's going to be trying to knock our blocks off," says Jim Houston. "We're the Establishment moving in."

Springtime in Houston

The Houston Oilers are also capable of knocking off Cleveland. "This club reminds me of a awful lot of Dallas in '65," says backup Quarterback Jerry Rhone. "We've got young players just beginning to find themselves, ready to blossom." Indeed they are young—14 starters have three years' experience or less—but if they do bloom it will be under the leadership of a nine-year veteran, Charley Johnson. "Getting Charley from St. Louis is the biggest single thing we've done since we've been here," says Head Coach Wally Lewis, a onetime Cardinal coach.

A 50-50 team the past two years, the Oilers became disenchanted with young Pete Beathard, whom they peddled, along with All-Pro Cornerback Miller Farr, for Defensive Back Bob Atkins

and Johnson, who was just as disenchanted with St. Louis, where he alternated with Jim Hart. "Here I feel I can help," Johnson says. "And that's a good feeling—to get a chance. Some people don't need to have others have confidence in them. I do. And I didn't feel it in St. Louis."

Johnson is a proven winner and he will have plenty of help in trying to overtake the Browns. The receivers have speed in Jerry Lewis, Charlie Joiner, Mac Haik and Jim Beirne, and the short threat in one of the league's better tight ends, Alvin Read. Woody Campbell, Hoyle Granger and Roy Hopkins give the Oilers a powerful running attack.

"We still have to establish that we can drive and score," says Johnson. "To be able to use 10 plays in a drive, to come at you, come at you, come at you, then maybe sneak one big one in, then come back at you again, like the Packers used to."

Though the offense looks better because of Johnson, the Oilers will have to improve on defense, especially on their pass rush, if they're to make a serious run at Cleveland. The ends are well set, with Elvin Bethun and Pat Holmes, but the tackles have been, and are, a problem. The linebackers, anchored by All-Pro George Webster, are the strength of the defense, but the line deep backs are run ragged because of the weak, undependable rush up front.

"This team has its best years still ahead of it," says Johnson, "but I'd like to see a championship this year. I have profound optimism."

Pittsburgh, too, is optimistic, and—yet, again—because of a new quarterback, Tony Bradshaw, who appears to be the real thing. In July its optimism was proved to improve on last year's 1-13 record. Last week a division title didn't seem as all farfetched.

The keys are Bradshaw, the No. 1 draft choice, and a defense now oriented to the complexities second-year Head Coach Chuck Noll favors. (Noll coordinated the blitzing and stunting Baltimore defense in 1968, which carried the Colts to the Super Bowl.) "Last year it was, you know, 808 [same old Steelers] and all that," says Defensive Tackle Mean Joe Greene. "I don't believe in jinxes, but people would always figure the Steelers would find a way to lose. And we did. This year we won't." Bradshaw, who took over the team in the sec-

ond exhibition game, is of the same mind. "I didn't come here to be just another Joe, another guy on the team," he says. "I came here to win."

The offense should improve despite the trade of temperamental-but-talented Wide Receiver Roy Jefferson to the Colts. Willie Richardson, equally talented and temperamental, came in return, joining Running Backs Preston Pearson (also acquired from Baltimore) and John Fuqua (from the Giants) to give the offense an almost total face-lift. There are also a couple of nifty rookies: Ron Shanklin, a wide receiver out of North Texas State, and Hubie Bryant, from Minnesota, who is being used mainly to return kicks. The defense, young and strong, is at its best in the line, which is centered around Greene. Last season was a learning year and one of trial. With the offense weak, the defense had to play far too long. This year, being more knowledgeable and with an attack that will afford them a rest once in a while, it should be greatly improved.

A Cook Too Few

Cincinnati, which looked as though it might finish behind the Browns in its third year of existence, received a heavy blow when Quarterback Greg Cook's troublesome right shoulder was operated on five weeks ago, putting him out for the season. He was an emotional, as well as a technical, catalyst, and without him Cincinnati is a different team—but not as bad a one as it first seemed. Sam Wyche, who took over for Cook, led the Bengals to a 31-24 exhibition win over the Browns, and he will be backed up by Virgil Carter, Paul Robinson and Jess Phillips are two good running backs, Bob Trumpy may be the best tight end in football and the line, though young, is talented. So the Bengals will still be able to put up a fight.

Coach Paul Brown's first two draft choices last year were Defensive Tackles Mike Reid and Ron Carpenter, which is indication enough of where the team was weakest. The nucleus of the defense is Bill Bergey, only in his second year, yet already a fine middle linebacker. But it is still learning through experience, which will be even rougher with the added pressure it will have due to Cook's absence. "There's no quick way to build a winner," Paul Brown says. "You have to put it together slowly." Without Cook makes that very slowly.

CONTINUED

AMERICAN

WEST

This division is almost all chiefs but not all Chiefs. If you recall, Oakland actually won the West last year, and should San Diego get consistent passing, the Chargers could make a change. The solitary Indian is Denver.

This is probably the strongest division, top to bottom, in the American Conference, and it is likely to provide two of the four teams in the AFC playoffs. (The team with the best second-place record joins the three division champions in the postseason reinfourment to select the conference winner.)

The Kansas City Chiefs, last year's Super Bowl champions, have won more games than any club in the 10-year history of the old AFL—including the games they played when they were the Dallas Texans; the Oakland Raiders, as most people have probably forgotten by now, actually won the Western Division championship last season, with the Chiefs second.

Since the Chiefs and the Raiders have lost hardly anyone, they probably will again finish one-two, and the order of finish is immaterial, as KC proved last year. The Chiefs should, however, and the Raiders' three-year hold on first place for a number of reasons.

First is the carry-over impact of winning the Super Bowl decisively against a good Minnesota team. The atmosphere in the Kansas City training camp was reminiscent of the feeling that used to pervade the Green Bay camp at the crest of the Packer power. Hank Stram, football's most inventive coach, summed it up at the half in an exhibition game with Detroit, when the Chiefs trailed 3-0. "This is what we're going to be up against all year as defending champs," he said. "We've had a week more practice and here's Detroit, after only four days' preparation, leading us. But champions always find a way to win." In this case the way was via three interceptions leading to touchdowns. "We never think of losing, no matter how far we get behind," a veteran said. "So we don't lose our cool. We stick with the game plan and wait for the other club to come back to us, and it always does."

The victory over Detroit was typical



of the Chiefs' strength, which lies in the best defense in football. Stram has always maintained that he could win a championship with defense and a good kicking game, and he proved it last year when the club was crippled for much of the middle of the season by injuries to Len Dawson, its 35-year-old quarterback, and other key offensive personnel. The defense, by contrast, played as an 11-man unit for 18 straight games, from the last exhibition through the Super Bowl. It became stronger as the season progressed and Curly Culp, a new man at tackle, and Art Marvuln, a rookie defensive back, grew into their jobs. The defense is still intact and Stram expects it to be better than ever. Since Kansas City led the league in virtually all of the meaningful defensive categories in 1969, its opponents in the coming season can expect to find the Chief defense as difficult as nine miles of bad road.

The offense is based on Stram's bewildering variety of formations, announced

by the virtuous generalship of Dawson, a 11-year veteran who is as familiar with the playbook as Stram himself, having played for Stram when the latter was an assistant coach at Purdue. The Chiefs led the league in rushing and although B. J. Rife, the center, had his ninth knee operation this year, and is 32, he's still in there, bulwarking the offensive line. Add to all this the best field-goal kicker in the business in Jan Stenerud, and it seems reasonable enough that Kansas City will supplant Oakland.

Improved with Age

It may seem foolhardy to make that prediction in the face of what the Raiders have done since 1967. In their last 42 regular-season games Oakland has lost only four and tied one, and no pro football team has ever done better. Since only Tight End Billy Cannon (released), Defensive Tackle Ike Lassicar (traded to Boston) and Cornerback Nemeah Willem (out) are absent from last year's starting



being a left-hander. In the title game against KC last year the Raiders came apart when Lamonia was sidelined with a broken thumb.

Like Kansas City, Oakland has a solid, veteran defense. Managing General Partner Al Davis—and now Coach John Madden—believes in big ends and quick tackles, on the rather sound theory that the ends can contain and the tackles turn a pocket inside out, giving the opposing quarterback no place to go. The Raiders had one of the best pass defenses in the AFL last season, allowing a measly 38.9% of opponents' passes to be completed, intercepting 26 and getting to the passer 47 times. The starting linebackers are exceptional but, since Dan Connor has a broken arm and Chip Oliver gave up the game to join a commune called the One World Family, there's a lack of depth. The secondary, which features All-Pro Willie Brown, is as good as any. The Raiders play bump-and-run on the corners, meaning that the cornerback bumps the wide receiver as he comes off the line, trying to knock him out of rhythm and pattern, then runs with him. This technique requires speed, which the Raider corners have. But wide receivers, most and more, tend to be world class sprinters and against this kind of speed the Raiders could be beaten now and then.

On offense Lamonia has a well-stocked arsenal. The Raider running backs have both size and agility: Howie Dixon, who was having an extraordinary season in 1969 until he was injured, should be at full speed again and Charlie Smith, a quick, durable young runner, led the club in rushing. The wide receivers—Fred Biletnikoff and Warren Wells—make up one of the two or three best pairs in either league. The offensive line, anchored by All-Pro Center Jim Otis, is probably one of the most efficient units around, with speed, size and the instinctive ability to work together that comes with experience.

If any team challenges the top two it will have to be San Diego. The Chargers are a cut below both KC and Oakland in almost every department with the exception of receivers. Since Lance Alworth decided to play ball, the Chargers have the same trio (the other re-

ceivers are Gary Garrison and Willie Frazer) they have had for four years, and they caught a total of 123 passes among them in 1969. Inasmuch as neither John Hadl nor Marty Domres ranks among the league's top marksmen, it was a remarkable achievement. The running attack is strong behind a good offensive line, the Chargers being second in total offense in 1968.

But San Diego, which has finished third four years in a row, won't improve despite having so many good linebackers that Coach Charlie Walker has been fiddling with the 3-4 Oklahoma defense. The Chargers' secondary has looked and doesn't appear that much better. The defensive line is not as good as Oakland's or KC's, due to the quarterbacking.

Bucking for Third

The odds are, then, that the Chargers will still be in third at the end of 1970 unless Denver relegates them to fourth. The best the Broncos have managed in 10 years was a 7-7 season in 1962, but they could improve on that this year. Judicious trades have given them veterans help in the secondary, at halfback and at tight end. They had one of the quickest pass rush lines in the division last year. Steve Tensi should be the quarterback; he was injured in 1969 and underwent an operation, but he has been working well and ought to be ready. For the first time in their history the Broncos started veterans at every spot on both offense and defense in their opening exhibition game. Bob Anderson, a big, strong running back who was their No. 1 draft choice, will take some of the pressure off Floyd Little, the Syracuse All-American, as will 230-pound Willie Cornshaw who came from St. Louis for a draft choice and who'll probably start ahead of Anderson. Little, out for six games with a knee injury in 1969, still gained 729 yards on 146 carries and was leading the league in rushing when he was hurt. With another back to divert the defenses, he could take off.

"We're ready to play anyone," Little said at training camp. "This is the best Denver team I have been on in professional football."

But, at best, only good enough for third.

continued

units, and since the Raiders are a mature but not an old team, the sole obstacle that can prevent their enjoying as successful a season in 1970 is Kansas City.

The Raiders are just about as well-stocked as the Chiefs at every position, although they may not have as much depth. In Darryl Lammerson they have a quarterback who is as good as Dawson, six years younger and durable. Lamonia is a cocky man, a strong leader who sometimes offends his teammates with his vehemence, but he deserved his MVP award last year and probably will again this year. Behind him, though, the Raiders cannot match KC's young Mike Livingston, who started six games which the Chiefs won in midseason when Dawson was hurt. George Blanda is 43 and his arm hasn't improved with age. Kenny Stabler, the 1968 second draft choice, missed that season due to surgery and sat out the 1969 season, but he has returned and has strong potential. However, he has the double handicap of youth and of

NATIONAL

EAST



Presumably, it's all Dallas, mp, ah, yes. But wouldn't it be something if the Redskins beat the Cowboys for once? The Giants just haven't made the strides and Philly and St. Louis will be a threat only to their coaches

"What we got here is one big fat cat surrounded by four scrawny alley cats," says a player on one of the have-nots in the National East. "Each week we'll have to scratch and scrap to stay alive, to keep Dallas in sight, because if any of us can do that the Cowboys can be beat. I don't think they can stand the heat."

What a division! St. Louis Coach Charley Winner is on a one-year pass after yet another disastrous season. In Washington, Bill Austin has taken over for the late Vince Lombardi, and how does anyone replace that worthy man? Alex Webster is flanking the last year of a caretaker reign with New York, a town that demands a winner. Philadelphia's Jerry Williams finished last in 1989 (4-9-1) and it was only a few years back that the fans cried for Joe Kuharich's scalp after he took the Eagles to the Runner-Up Bowl.

Even Tom Landry of Dallas, who has won four straight division titles—but no championships—is on the hot seat. It won't be enough for the Cowboys to win the division; they'll have to go on from there. If they do, it will probably be up to Roger Staubach, Craig Morton just hasn't developed into a leader and, although he has a strong arm and a

quick delivery, he is slow setting up, as well as being a plodding runner. Staubach likes to scramble and is the better ball handler. As it turns out, Morton may be a victim of the trend. The Cowboys will use the Land Landry has added his own innovation, a "Flying Flankerback," which places Flanker Lance Rentzel in the empty backfield spot of any formation. The changes support the preference of the more mobile Staubach.

With an unequalled wealth of talent, the Cowboys were able to shift All-Pro Tackle Ralph Nady to guard and replace him with Rayfield Wright and return Dave Madden to center—the job he lost three seasons ago—without affecting the precision of the offensive unit. The running is in the capable feet (if weak right big toe) of Calvin Hill. Wide Receivers Rentzel and Bob Hayes are able to outstride most secondaries, and so the long pass remains the Cowboys' best—if overused—threat.

Too Sophisticated

The team would have been better served had Landry concentrated on defense. This has been Dallas' failing in crucial games. The fault isn't in the personnel except for a possible weakness in the sec-

ondary, which is bolstered by the addition of Herb Adderley, who was obtained from Green Bay. The trouble comes from an overly sophisticated system that seems to go on the way of the talent.

The Cowboys use man-to-man on one side and zone on the other, plus variations. The effect is confusion, particularly when they face clever quarterbacks. The signs of disorder can be seen in the breakdown in coverage on circle patterns. Dallas' gap defense has been all but impotent against the run, particularly traps, but the few teams that forget about fancy stuff and have the strength and the heart to go to man-to-man blocking against the Cowboys can move the ball on the ground.

Until his sudden death, Vince Lombardi seemed destined to lead the Redskins onward and upward. "I can't be Vince Lombardi but I can holler just as loud," says Bill Austin, who is getting an unexpected second chance at head coaching. Yelling won't turn the Redskins on, but Austin doesn't have to worry about motivating his team. Washington would obviously like to win one for Mr. Lombardi, the one being a division title—and it may do just that. It already beat Baltimore after 18 straight

continued

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defeat. Austin took over a team that has yet to develop the discouraging toughness associated with Lombardi's 4-3 defenses. The fault lies in an effort risk line, and this in turn complicates the dominant man-to-man coverage. Although the linebacking is improved, it still isn't up to carrying on the constant redogging it takes to compensate for the failure of the front four.

"Our offense is something else," says a Redskins cryptically but proudly. What he really means is that Sonny Jurgensen gets better with age and the worse his arm feels. Jurgensen, obviously, was never older and, if his complaints can be believed, his arm never hurt more. *Edge:* he is at the top of his game. Furthermore, he has the receivers. Jerry Smith, Charley Taylor and Bob Long are fast enough to catch up with the ball on the fly patterns and tough enough to hold it on square-ins. What more could a quarterback want? For years Jurgensen wanted a contestable ballcarrier. Then Lombardi developed Larry Brown and Charley Haraway, and between them they rushed for 1,316 yards.

The issue in New York is whether Alex Webster can revive the Giants. Webster was hired to heal the wounds that festered in the last frantic years of Althe Sherman. That he has done. "The Giants are no longer a travel terminal, a stopover for every waived player," says one player. "Now the guys are together and they want to play and win for New York." Fortunately, Webster has shown more than a knack for harmonizing. With no pretensions to being a genius, he listens to his first-class assistants and runs the team as the chairman of a voting board of directors.

Webster concentrated on defensive players in the college draft and picked Jim Files, a very promising middle linebacker, and Wes Grant, a defensive end who will team with Fred Dryer, until now the only consistent rusher. Grant, however, will miss at least five games due to fractured vertebrae. The secondary is excellent but is often run to exhaustion covering receivers close and deep—particularly in the second half when the rush fails. The solution lies midway between better conditioning, which was hurt by the strike, and easing the pressure. Here the Giants got lucky. They picked up Bill Johnson, a booming punter out of the wilds of the Continental League. The Giants figure

they lost five games last season because of shaky play by the special teams. Johnson's strong foot and better-disciplined performances from the specials will cut back on the errors.

Out of Pocket

But Webster's future, as well as the team's, rides on the quick arm and pin-pointing feet of Fran Tarkenton. In this respect the Giants' coach has shown more perception—or is it courage?—than either Sherman or Norm Van Brocklin, both of whom merely tolerated Tarkenton's style instead of exploiting it. Webster has geared the entire offense to the scrambling quarterback. The Giants will run from the I and use more play-action passes. "The idea is to take Tarkenton out of the pocket more often so that he can keep the defenses guessing—shake up their rush," says Webster, who recognizes Tarkenton's mastery of the blitz, a result of exceptional peripheral vision and quick release. At times it was hard to see, since Fran appeared to be playing singles, but that was out of necessity. Now he has playmates: Wide receivers Rich Houston and Clifton McNeil (from San Francisco) and Running Back Ron Johnson (from Cleveland), whose reputed speed may force the linebackers to keep their distance.

Philadelphia and St. Louis will be a threat only to their coaches. Charley Winner has more problems than Mayo or Lindsay and one-quarter of the time to find solutions. Once again the Cardinals are riven by cliques, dissension and unrest—or worse. The worst was the antfootball guru, Linebacker Dave Meggery, and his disciple, Guard Rick Sorren. With only a one-year contract, Winner cleaned house. Ten Cards left. Some were cut, others were traded and Meggery and Sorren decided football was no longer relevant and quit.

Unrest boiled over because the team had split loyalties toward Quarterbacks Charley Johnson and Jay Hart. Johnson was traded to Houston and most of his older passmen are gone. Now it is claimed peace and harmony prevail. No way. It's a hell.

Winner's surgery left things a mess. The rush line is a complete hash, with Chuck Walker, its best man, playing out of position on the outside. Dan Parrish, Meggery's replacement, is a rookie from Stanford, while Middle Linebacker Jamie Rivers is injury-prone and has yet to

complete a season. The Cards hoped to have a new middle linebacker but their No. 2 draft pick, Jim Corrigan from Kent State, was disturbed by the nation's violence and signed to play in Canada for \$25,000 less. The secondary, once tough man-to-man sharpshooters, is now playing mostly zone or combinations. The Johnson trade brought Cornerback Miller Farr to the Cardinals and he teams with second-year man Roger Wehrli, who began brilliantly, was burned a few times, then tended to lay back.

The one positive factor is the establishment of Hart as the Cards' leader. "You could feel Hart's insecurity in the huddle last year," says a lineman. "He'd look to the older players to make decisions. Now he's head honcho." Hart agrees. "Until now I've been playing scared, looking to the bench whenever a play was stopped," he says. "Now I know what I must do to succeed, to move the team."

He certainly has brilliant receivers and strong running backs to call upon, but the offensive line, which had been the team's great strength, is playing two new men in the middle and the combination so far is not good. It's just not in the Cards this year.

The Eagles' Jerry Williams, smart and low-key, has a sense of humor. He'll deny it. His offensive line has been described as being as effective as beets on skates. Norm Sneed has had the bruises to prove the point. Even when he had a better line Sneed wasn't agile enough to avoid the rush. But then he insists on the longer, more time-consuming calls. This weakness has to be in his head, not his arm, which is strong and accurate. He never learned, despite frequent interceptions, not to force the long plays, but to go to the underlines.

Aye, Aye for the I

Evil Sneed and enter George Mira, the aggressive Miami scrambler. "It's full of hope," says Mira. It also helps that Williams, along with the rest of the league, is moving to Mira's style, to the I formation, to the booting and the play-action pass—tactics that stall the rush and keep the defenses in front of the quarterback, where he wants them.

"By nature I am an optimist, and so I feel we will definitely be improved," says Williams. Last year the Eagles won four games on toughness and spirit alone. It's the same formula for 1970.

continued

NATIONAL

CENTRAL

The big make in the Midwest is the shifting of forward gear in the Motor City as Detroit runs up for an anticipated title. Minnesota and Green Bay will be the big roadblocks. Chicago, alas, is just a great big pithead.

Of pro football's six divisions, only the Central of the National Conference was unaffected by realignment. More's the pity, at least when it comes to playing conditions. Like doornail wars in the North Circle, Minnesota, Detroit, Green Bay and Chicago seem fated to play out their football lives with frostbitten cleats and steel-threaded face masks. As Detroit Coach Joe Schmidt says: "Our warm-weather site is now Minneapolis in the summertime."

For all that, National Central football should be piping hot. Bud Grant's Vikings, last year's NFL champs, played most of their preseason schedule minus Defensive End Carl Eller, a holdout, and all of it minus Quarterback Joe Kapp. Although stronger overall at every other position this year, they missed Kapp's "pinne the seed" machismo and Eller's freight-train pass rush.

A free agent since May 1, Kapp is reported to be holding out for a five-year, million-dollar contract. And management has played it cool—going with Gary Cuozzo, a first-rate second-stringer, recalling perhaps that Joe refused the team's MVP award last December with a comment that all Vikings were equally valuable. Like obviously thought at least one wasn't, but his analysis reportedly cost him \$200 a day for each day he wasn't in camp—a total of \$2,900.

One-Game Season

With Kapp aboard, the Vikings could repeat as divisional champions. Without him Grant might not be able to take Atlanta—much less Detroit. For one thing, Minnesota has a tough schedule, and the opening game against the Kansas City Chiefs could be the whole Viking season. Should the 4 heels transfigure the Vikes the way they did in the Super Bowl, it could throw the gearshift marked "Momentary" into reverse.

If so, there would be a great clashing of forward gear in the Motor City, where the Detroit Lions are talking title. The Lions' 9-4-1 last year ended



the season on a surge, winning six of their last eight games and tying another. Schmidt, now in his fourth year, has finally stabilized his units: two-thirds of the roster is made up of men he picked during his rebuilding program, and the dissent once heard in every corner of the Detroit locker room has now been replaced, hear tell, by great effusions of warmth and togetherness. Still, another traditional Detroit bugaboo remains: injury. Schmidt has lost three valuable wide receivers; Earl McCulloch had bone chips in his left knee and may miss one or two games; John Wright secured an Achilles' tendon and is out for the year; and Billy Gambrell never came back from a back injury and was waived to the Saints, who waived him in turn.

Until the final exhibition game it looked like a new piece of talent would be a hit. Rookie Running Back Steve Owens was slated to start alongside Mel Farr. Said Schmidt: "Everything everybody doubted about Steve—blocking,

catching—he does real well." Then, against Cincinnati, Owens suffered a third-degree separation of his left shoulder, and will be out for eight games. His replacement will either be Bill Trylert or Farr, with Albie Taylor moving to Farr's spot.

Defensively, Detroit remains intact, with the same unit that produced three shutouts last year. The team's main handicap to a possible divisional title is offense. All rose but no big last year, the Lions finished dead last among 26 teams in total yardage. Perhaps a little parsimony would help. Wide Receiver Phil Gille was waived last season by Commissioner Pete Rozelle for not singing *The Star-Spangled Banner* during a nationally-televised game. Rozelle had been tipped off by an anonymous letter writer. Turner has it that the correspondent was none other than Alex Karras, professional tackle and amateur comic. Karras has been strangely subdued this year. "I'm doing what every normal red-blooded



American boy does," he explained. "Don't make waves. That's the secret of success in this country. I'm tired of being a hippie. Just keep nodding my head."

How Far Back, Pack?

Patriotism—of the local variety—is also a factor at Green Bay. Posters that in 1968 read: "We'll Win with Bengtson" now merely state, "We believe in Bengtson." Some cynics have even subverted those "Pack Will Be Back" bumper stickers with "Way Back." In the last year of his contract Phil Bengtson will have to do better than the 6-7-1 and 8-6 marks of the past two seasons.

Bengtson may well be aided by a schedule that gives the Packers a home-field advantage—in Green Bay and Milwaukee—for seven of their first nine games. But even that edge might not help a squad that has lost seven starters, six of them former All-Pro. Wide Receiver Boyd Dowler retired to coach with the Rams; Tight End Marvin Fleming went

to Miami after playing out his option; Defensive End Willie Davis and Tackles Forrest Gregg and Henry Jordan all retired honorably of age, while Cornerback Herb Adderley quit in a pet over his coaches' refusal to nominate him for the Pro Bowl, and was traded to Dallas. Also departed are three men banished to the Chicago Bears. In exchange for a first-round draft choice, George Halas got Linebacker Lee Roy Caffey, Bob Hyland, who never quite made it at guard or center, and Running Back Elijah Pitts, who was eventually cut.

To fill these shoes, Bengtson moved Tackle Bob Brown into Davis' end position, and Fred Carr, who looked just tremendous in the preseason, outboard of Ray Nitschke in the linebacking row. Two rookies have made the starting defensive squad: Ken Ellis, who replaces Adderley, and Notre Dame's Mike McCoy, a first-round draft choice who will start at tackle.

The offense, however, is still a question mark. Bart Starr, second in the league in passing last year, missed half of the '68 and '69 seasons due to injuries, and his replacement, Don (Green) Horn, needs more than the three years' experience he has thus far acquired before he can match Starr's cool. Packer running remains deep with the Williamses—Trevor and Perry—and Dave Hampton threatening to dislodge Dorsey Anderson and Jen Grabowski. Indisputable of the wrenching changes in Packer offense from the Lombardi era is the fact that this year Green Bay is running 93% of its plays out of the I, though usually shifting to the pro set after the initial (and hopefully confusing) alignment.

There's been a shift in Chicago, too, but one of mood rather than execution. This year the Bears seem downright jolly. Well, anyway, they aren't denigrating George Halas in public, as erstwhile Quarterback Virgil Carter did near the end of last year's calamitous 1-13 season. The Bears appear in their 1970 incarnation as a last-place team once again, but a strong last-place team.

The musing of intrasquad rivalry is largely the result of individual disillusion with being losers, but also, to a lesser degree, it stems from some sharp trading during the off season. Carter was

sent to Buffalo for \$100—and if someone had offered \$200 for him Halas would have turned it down, being a vengeful 19th century man—but the Green Bay deal was pure business. Center Mike Pyle, 31, was dispatched to New Orleans and replaced by Hyland. Caffey, in combination with Doug Buffone and the incomparable Richard Marvin Barkus, gives the Bears a first-class linebacking unit, and ex-Cowboy Craig Rayburn will hopefully give Sayers a brother now and then. Unrevised among those departed will be the much-maligned Defensive Back George Youngblood, who retired. Also absent this year is Defensive Backfield Coach Jimmy Carr, whose misfortune it was to bring in a complex secondary system just at the moment Halas decided to eliminate almost every Bear who could differentiate between an airborne football and a gin bottle hurled from the stands. It was hard enough to teach Halas' new deep backs how to get to Wrigley Field, much less what to do once they got there.

Navel Batterer

Offensively, the Bears are almost wholly dependent on Gale Sayers and Place-kicker Mac Percival. The quarterbacking is sorry. Jack Concannon runs better than he throws and Bobby Douglas throws so hard that he has punched new navels in most of his receivers. That group has its own problems; knows by Catching Coach Bob Shaw as the "Mouse Brigade." It averages 5' 10". (Obviously, 6' 3" Rob Wallace and 6' 4" Jim Seymour, who was obtained free L.A., haven't enlisted.) Dick (Gaper Mouse) Gordon is 5' 10", as is Cecil (Mighty Mouse) Turner. Koolhae Lirus (Mini Mouse) Cole is listed at 5' 11" and 170, but he's barely 5' 9" by 160. Speedy, with good hands (five catches for 107 yards and a TD against the Packers), Cole was the first black varsity player at TCU—which means he won't be overhauled by the pros.

The Bears have a gentle schedule—half of their opponents won only a third of their games last year—and a few early-season wins could generate delusions of grandeur. But they aren't for real as yet. Detroit, Minnesota (without Kapp) and Green Bay—in that order—were.

CONTINUED

NATIONAL WEST

This, says coach George Allen, is the year of the Ram-on the inside or better about it. These four others have the people, at least. But, as scout things probably won't pan out, while the Falcons don't seem fully judged.

Probably the most enthusiastic "Aye" vote cast for realignment was that of Owner Dan Reeves of the Los Angeles Rams. In the reshuffling the Baltimore Colts moved out of the West, correcting a geographical anomaly and leaving the Rams, to all appearances, easily the class of the division. Replacing the Colts will be the New Orleans Saints, who won five games last season in a weaker division than this one figures to be.

The Rams' traditional rival, the San Francisco 49ers, seem, as always, to have the material to mount a serious threat, but they have been in the same position many times in their long history and have yet to win a division championship. Norman Van Brocklin has whorped the Atlanta Falcons into a competitive frenzy and has bettered his club overall, but he still suffers from a lack of first-rate quarterbacks. Tom Fears, who has done a fine job of bringing the Saints along, has improved his record by a win a season since 1967, but he'll be lucky to get five wins in 1970. At least he should feel at home in his new division. It has a distinctly Ram flavor, with Van Brocklin a former Ram quarterback and Fears one of his All-Pro receivers.

It should have a distinctly Ram flavor at the end of the year, too. George Allen, the persuasive, intense and sometimes kooky L.A. coach, has his team almost intact and it was good enough to come within the breadth of a football face of beating Minnesota for the Western Conference title last year. There is no sound reason for believing it will be any less good this season, and it will probably be stronger defensively and have more winning power.

Roman Gabriel is the Rams' principal offensive weapon. He has mutated into a sound, sometimes ingenious signal-caller, with a fine arm, and he is well-liked unflinching on a blitz because of his size and mobility. He is also a very strong and durable man, which makes the Rams' lack of a truly good back-



up quarterback, relatively unimportant.

The Rams didn't get far on the ground last year, finishing 16th in the NFL, which was then made up of 16 teams. This wasn't the fault of the line, which was good enough to set a league record for pass protection, the quarterback being sacked only 17 times—a somewhat deceiving statistic, since Gabriel often saved his own hide. This year L.A. may be 26th out of 26. Larry Smith, the No. 1 rusher last year, has been hobbled by a pulled hamstring; Les Josephson, who sat out '68 with a torn Achilles' tendon, has a broken jaw. This leaves Tommy Mason, whose arthritic knees could go any minute, and Willie Elliott, who haven't gone far to date. The receiving corps, of which the little game-breaker Wendell Tucker is the most prominent, is thin, except at tight end, where Allen has two good ones in Billy Trias and Bob Kline.

The defense, known for the ferocity of its rush, is virtually the same. Roger

Brown, the massive tackle, came to camp too massive at 334 and retired when he couldn't get his weight down. But the line will be buttressed by Dick Eay, who was obtained from the Bears in the Jim Seymour trade. The return of Mose Bughan and Eddie Mcادر, who were talked out of retirement by Coach Allen, keeps the deep defenders intact, and the development of rookie Middle Linebacker Jack Reynolds, a No. 1 draft choice from Tennessee, could help. Moreover, Allen traded for San Francisco's Kenrick Alexander to aid the secondary.

Those Are the Breaks

Alexander came from the 49ers in exchange for Bruce Gossett, a proven placekicker. San Francisco was sadly in need of a good kicker and had an excess of defensive backs, but the trade won't do much to lift them over the Rams. Nonetheless, Dick Nolan is confident. "This is the best team I've had since I've been here," he says. "The club is used to my



cisco adds an exceptionally talented youngster to the secondary in Bruce Taylor, the linerbug who gave his to Kansas City with his kick returns in the All-Star Game and played an almost flawless defensive back as well.

The club should have powerful running, with a contingent of big, capable backs led by Ken Willard: good passing, with a hale Brodie throwing to Gene Washington, who could be superb—as could Ted Kwalick, a second-year man.

The defense, from the front line through a good and deep set of linebackers to an experienced, very fast secondary, is of top quality. With Gosselt, the kicking should be an asset for a change—that is if the 49ers can come up with a center who can make the long snap.

That leaves morale, and one veteran 49er lineman may have analyzed the problem of the club when he said, "Maybe we don't have enough fear in us." Fear, that is, for their jobs. Nolan is a quiet man, like Tom Landry, but this year he has enough people vying for positions to instill some trepidation.

Fear is no problem for the Falcons. The hard-bitten, incisive and exceptionally blunt Van Brocklin once fired a linebacker at the half, telling him to get out of his uniform, into his suit and sit out in the stands and sit with his mother, where he belonged. The rest of the team played a spirited second half, although it didn't win. It will probably win more this year than heretofore, but even the Duchesneau can't make it into a better club than the Rams and shouldn't make it better than the 49ers.

Good People

Van Brocklin is a retiring man and not known for predicting, but he has said, "We'll have the best team the Atlanta Falcons have ever had this year. We have the best people we've ever had. You might say we have just scratched the surface of what we hope to do. Our next goal is . . . to be among the four or five leading teams in the league."

He is certainly making some progress. The Falcons are probably superior to New Orleans and they have a beat on San Francisco, having beaten the 49ers twice in league play last year. With Bal-

more out of the running, that serves Los Angeles, a club high on Van Brocklin's hate list, and he is a past master at getting a team ready for a single game.

The defense should benefit from a healthy Tommy Nobis, who has apparently recovered from major knee surgery and who ranks among the top three middle linebackers in the game. The Falcons have a better-than-adequate defensive line (End Claude Humphrey is the stickout) and a fair secondary, but in the past their linebackers have had to help shore up the deep defense. If the secondary improves, the defense could, too, dramatically.

The Sack of Atlanta

Van Brocklin's problem has been at quarterback, where neither Randy Johnson nor Bob Berry are top rung. Last year they were injured often, not surprising when you consider that they worked behind a line that allowed defenders to dump the quarterback 63 times, an average of almost five times per contest. The young offensive line should be better this year, if only for an added year's experience. If they can open any cracks the Falcons have plenty of running talent to exploit it.

The Saints could be improved over last season, but it depends upon the development of rookies into first-line players—a very chancy proposition. Larry Estes, a 6' 6", 262-pound defensive end, has shown tremendous natural ability as a pass rusher and could move into the spot vacated by the retirement of Doug Atkins. The Saints' No. 1 draft choice, Ken Burroughs, a wide receiver from Texas Southern who combines good size (6' 4", 212) with real sprint speed (9.4), should give the Saints a deep threat on the pass, which they have lacked. "You put the ball in the air and Ken will run under it," says Billy Kilmer, the Saints' quarterback. Kilmer is underrated; he is no picture-book playmaker, but his sometimes wobbly passes are on target and he leads the team with the fire of a Bobby Layne.

If all Fears' problems are solved the Saints might move up to second, ahead of the 49ers and Falcons. But even Saints can't perform the miracle of beating out the Rams. **END**

system and we'll be starting veterans at nearly every position. With a few breaks this could be our year." Actually, a few breaks are all that have separated this team from a title of one kind or another most of the time. Unfortunately, the breaks usually have come in the extremities of key players.

Last year, Quarterback John Brodie missed much of the season with arm injuries and Steve Spurrier, his replacement, was uncertain. Now Spurrier is unhappy and has asked Nolan to play him or trade him. The past game was damaged further when All-Pro Wide Receiver Clifton McNeil reported late after a salary dispute, and the offensive line suffered when another disudent, Guard Howard Mudd, was traded. McNeil won the same route after the season.

Injuries to End Stan Hindman and Middle Linebacker Ed Beard hurt the 49er defense in 1969; both of them are healthy this season and have strong competition for their jobs. And San Fran-

THE MAN IN THE MIDDLE

He is the best of middle linebackers, he is the worst of middle linebackers. Last spring the coaches of the old NFL were asked to pretend that they were pulling together a team just for the 1970 season and to pick five active players as a nucleus. Dick Butkus of the Chicago Bears (see cover) got nine votes, three more than any other player, making him, if not the best, at least the most-wanted player in the game. Cardinal Coach Charley Winner called him something else earlier this month. After St. Louis beat Chicago 24-3 in an exhibition game, Winner said, "I don't see why a player of his caliber has to do things like that." What Butkus did was to be called for four personal fouls. He can be offensive at times, as at the right, where Butkus is blocking—or, as he prefers, "jabbering"—Willis Gresham, who played for St. Louis last year, "on what," Butkus says, "I think is a pass interception. You notice he's face-masking me—my helmet is kind of turned sideways. That's dangerous for a guy to do 'cause I got sharp teeth. Heh, heh." Turn the page for more laughs.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEIL LEFER



WELL, ABOUT THE SAME DAY BECAUSE, I'D COME UP TO HELP OUT AND IN
HONOR FOR THE BALL, YOU CAN TELL THAT AT MY AGE, A BETTER UNDERSTAND
HOW TO KEEP MYSELF THE ONLY IN ALL, THE TIME, AND I'D GET TO LOVE
THEY THAT ONLY JEROME WERE IN THE HOUSE OF JEROME IN SINCE IT WAS.







ON THIS PLAY (LEFT) I DID GET TO THE BALL. IT'S THE CARDINALS AGAIN, AND I'M RIDING IT LOOSE FROM JOHNNY SO-LAND. I HAD GOTTEN A HOLD OF HIM BY THE JERSEY, AND I'M RIDING HIM DOWN AND PUNING THE BALL CLEAR. THAT'S MY HAND DOWN THERE WITH THE TAPE ON IT. IT HELPS IF YOU HAVE A LONG REACH.

IT WAS THE FIRST QUARTER, AND THE CARDS HAD US DOWN 13-0. IF WE COULD BLOCK THE EXTRA POINT WE WOULD NOT NEED A FIELD GOAL. LATER, ABOVE, I'M RIDING OVER CENTER BOB DUMARCO AS BOB EXET (18) ON MY RIGHT IS HOPPING. IRV GOSDE (84) OFF BALANCE AND FRANK CORNISH (70) IS MOVING. REN GRAY (84) TO THE RIGHT TO MAKE THE HOLE. IN THE SECOND PICTURE, I'VE BLOWN PAST BOTH DUMARCO AND GRAY AND AM ABOUT TO VAULT THROUGH THE OPENING IN RANGE. I KNEW THAT I COULD BLOCK THE KICK, BECAUSE THE KICKER WAS BARELY INTO HIS SNOW. BELOW, I'M RIGHT UP THERE. WHAM! IT SURE FEELS GOOD WHEN THAT BALL SLAPS BACK OFF YOUR HANDS.





[illegible]



'Nobody Thinks I Can Talk'

by ROBERT F. JONES

Fill in the missing word: Dick Butkus is the _____ football player in the world.

Nastiest? Fiercest? Smartest? Strongest? Quickest? Angriest? Coolest? Ruggiest? Think about it for a while, maybe a moment or two. After all, Butkus (left) thinks about it constantly.

O.K., time's up. According to those who know him most intimately, and you can count their brains to determine the degree of intimacy, Dick Butkus is all of the above and perhaps a bit more. In a sense, he is his own missing word in the act of self-definition, though some may claim that he is merely the missing link. In a game as complex and specialized as pro football, where experts abound at everything from gluckicking to face-masking, it is impossible to determine a "best player" in the overall sense. Yet if such a designation could be made, Butkus would come close to filling it.

Listen to Phil Bergtson, the Green Bay coach: "Butkus rates with any linebacker I've ever seen—Bulldog Turner, Joe Schmidt, Ray Nitschke, George Connor. He has as much enthusiasm as any player I've ever known, and you can always count on him being sharp."

Joe Schmidt, who sort of invented the middle linebacker position during his playing days at Detroit, where he is now head coach, feels Leon MLB Mike Lucier is the best—good for you, Joe!—but even his glowing praise of Butkus cannot conceal the cast-iron truth: "If he overplays, it's because he's so aggressive," Schmidt says. "I've never seen him quit. Last year in our final game with the Bears, when we went about 20-3, he got the ball on the kickoff with less than four minutes to go and ran down the field trying for a touchdown with the same desire as if it were the opening kickoff." That 28-yard return, which left flamed Lions in its wake, brought a valiant Wrigley Field crowd to its feet in a rare standing ovation. Rare, that is, for last season, when the Bears were 1 and 13. As

Schmidt says, "Butkus has a quality that is instinctive, that all good linebackers have to have. That's the leadership ability that translates a team."

God knows the Bears need leadership—though His alter ego, George Hulas, apparently doesn't. In the past Butkus has tried to provide leadership by example, and some of those examples proved painful to the objects in the leadership lesson. Johnny Roland, the St. Louis running back, recalls a 1967 game in which Butkus was hobbled by a wrenched knee but played his usual fierce game anyway. "I have a bruise under my lip to this day where he shattered my mask," says Roland. "I was running up instead of low, as I should have been, and he met me head-on—just like somebody he hadn't seen for a while. He actually embraced me, but he also put me down for a time."

Tight End Charlie Sanders of Detroit has equally vivid memories. In the first Lions-Bear game last year Sanders caught a pass and Butkus gave him the old, rib-cracking Bear hug. Then Sanders caught a second pass and Butkus poked his fingers through Charlie's face mask into his eyes. In the course of the afternoon's work the Lions-charged Butkus with provoking three fights and Detroit General Manager Russ Thomas called him "an annihilating son of a bitch." Sanders, laughing, took it more coolly. "Dick's just a maladjusted kid," he said.

Still, the ultimate appraisal of a middle linebacker must come from his opposite number, the quarterback. Green Bay's Bart Starr, a man not given to cheap superlatives, has this to say: "Since the day he came into the league Butkus has made the Bear defense what it is. He's the finest example of hustle I've seen—" then Bart frowns, the old Lombardi loyalty surging up—"or one of the finest. Ray Nitschke is the epitome of hustle."

"All middle linebackers are different, of course, and maybe some are a little better pass-defenders than Butkus. I can't

imagine anyone being any quicker or stronger. Lee Roy Jordan of Dallas is a good one, but Dallas' defense is so well-coordinated that he can go right to a hole and fill. Butkus doesn't need that team coordination to be great. He creates so much ground—you can complete a pass downfield and, son of a gun, he makes the tackle."

Well, son of a gun, quarterbacks were talk more than middle linebackers. That's one of Butkus' major hang-ups—talk. In the public mind the quarterback is in the middle linebacker as the surgeon is to the butcher. Yea and yam, mind and body, human and animal. But—and of course there is a "but" in Butkus—the real man exists in the tension between those opposites. Granted that Butkus is a bruiser (6' 3", 245 pounds); granted that his defensive ferocity drives fans to any Bear game nearly as effectively as his superb offensive complement, Gale Sayers; granted that Chicagoans get a kick out of calling him "Butoosks" and "Bepkis" behind his back. The man is something else, inner-directed, inarticulate, locked into an image he has outgrown and would desperately like to change. Butkus is striving to overcome ... what?

The animal image. There was a time when Dick Butkus truly believed he was an animal, and the transfiguration was nearly perfect. Now he is not so sure. In Chicago, where he exercises his territorial imperative to the fullest, Bear fans still think of him as the ultimate in ursine violence. Take the folks at a bar called Chances R on a recent afternoon. Chances R is one of those quasi-Western hangouts on the plains, northwestern fringes of Chicago, where 19th-century nudes adorn the walls and the patrons are asked to throw peanut shells on the floor to give the place that crackly, Big Shoulders atmosphere. The barkeep is a mountainous Irishman named Larry Mahoney, equally adept

continued

at bouncing a drunken house painter or trilling a ballad in his fine tenor.

"Hey, let's play a word game," Mahoney chirps to his assembled parishioners on this particular day. "What do you think of when I say 'Dick Butkus'?"

"Killer," says a young long-haired couple named Bill and Dee, whose motorcycle had just been blown over by a late squall. The wind is still rattling the roof overhead, and the clink of beer glasses is comforting. "Bull," says another patron. Others chime in: "Wild boar," "King Kong," "Major Dinky," "Mean and nasty," "Elizabeth Taylor," Elizabeth Taylor? "I can see it," says Mahoney. "Butkus has the same kind of ego, the same self-dedication or cruelty or something."

Not far away, at Northwestern University's Dyche Stadium, Dick Butkus is doing a very un-Elizabethan thing. He is filming a breakfast-cereal commercial. A giant among men advertising mortals, he even towers over the outstared extras hired to simulate real football players. One scene requires him to blitz through a line of combs, who crumple in slow motion. Butkus then charges the cameramen, arms outstretched in true King Kong fashion. He can't do it. Every time the extras fall down, Butkus breaks up. And when that burrito-nosed, wide-eyed South Side kisser cracks into a smile it looks about 12 years old and fresh out of Mass after Holy Communion. Then he points a finger at the camera and giggles. "Get with it!" Finally, after a dozen takes, Butkus the actor twerch Butkus the animal, and he snarls the words. The script girl, a tough Chicago cookie who has been complaining of the heat all day, actually shivers at the line. "Gee," she says with a little thrill in her voice, "he'll scare all those cereal-eating kiddies to death!"

It just so happened that a couple of cereal-eating kiddies were standing on the sidelines when Butkus came in from the lake. Mike McHugh, 11, and Mike Rogers, 9, had been planning to sneak into a nearby circus for the day's entertainment when word flashed through their Waukegan neighborhood that a Bear was loose at Dyche Stadium. Since the two young Mikes love the Bears more than anything else in the world (except, perhaps, the Cubs, the Black Hawks, the Bulls and Johnny Lightning cars), they biked over to the stadium. Now they craned Butkus warily, like a cou-

ple of Paleolithic hunters on the prowl for cave bear. "Hey," snarls Butkus in his meanest voice, "you kids come over here." They do. "Wadya want?" "Your autograph." "My whatograph?"—kidding them and the kids know it, so they get cocky. "You know, your NAME! Like write it down." Butkus takes the proffered pen and drafts the usual message in a neat hand. The kids' eyes bug out: Butkus didn't grab the pen as if it were a dagger, he hadn't scrawled a blotchy X, he is . . . human!

"It makes me sad sometimes," Butkus said later. He was sitting at a table in the Pump Room, surrounded by the muted tap of solid silverware on bone china, disgraced in a well-tailored suit of tropical somerset that made him look no larger, no fiercer than the rest of the entrepreneurs and con men eating in that deluxe, candlelit chow hall. "Nobody thinks I can talk, much less write my name. Why, last year I cut a record of Shakespeare quotes—you know, a parody, like 'Once more unto the breach, dear friends.' The record company said it was too good. Not enough doom, dem and doses. What the hell is this society doing to people? I did what it told me I could do. I wasn't any freak. I didn't have any identity crisis. In the fifth grade I knew what I was going to be: a professional football player. I worked hard at becoming one, just like society says you should. It said you had to be fierce. I was fierce. Tough. I was tough."

Butkus picked daintily at his shrimp salad, parodying in advance his next thoughts. "When I got to college I discovered that you always have to study. Which I did, even though it wasn't easy at Illinois. I harrt, let me be honest about it. But I didn't do too bad." He flushed his 12-year-old's grin at the grammar. "But the main thing was I knew my trade. And it wasn't all that grim. When I got to the Bears, I made it and I made it beyond the Bears. I made it to All-Pro, whatever that means. But I made it. And then what happens? They call me an animal."

Of course, he encouraged it. There is the celebrated incident last August in Miami of Butkus bing a referee in a melee. (He denies it: "If I'd of been dumb enough to bite a referee I'd have bitten his arm off.") Or of Butkus punching out a cop in the Chicago Federal Building last December, when halted on his way to the passport bureau. ("I didn't

hit him. Maybe my friend Rick Bertone did. We'd had a couple of beers and they got snotty. They looked us up for a while but let us out after a few hours. All a mistake. But I keep thinking: what if I'd been an immigrant like my old man, who couldn't talk so good the English. I might still be there.") And, of course, there is the famous—or infamous, if you will—photograph of Butkus with his lips curled in this whole face curled! in contempt that was taken during a Minnesota game in 1968. That picture hangs in Dick Butkus' basement along with his gilded trophies and the more civiland glossies of him smiling with teammates, coaches, buddies, etc. Perhaps the former is a reminder of the Butkus that his fans demand, or an indication that he is more than that.

A man's home and his homelf reveal far more about his character than his job performance, and Butkus is no exception. He lives in one of those development areas near Chicago Heights—an hour south of the Loop—that are not quite apt-level but a few cuts above miniranch. The neighborhood is new; there are still some working onion farms in the vicinity. From his backyard one can see the tall, turbulent wall of smog rising above Gary and Hammond, Ind. A few lightplanes circle in and out of the crud. "That's where Tony Lama went down," Butkus is wont to say, indicating the Hammond airport with a lachrymose wave of the paw.

His house is modest by football-star standards—a tidy yellow-brick, single-story, nondescript he bought for around \$50,000 in 1966, his second year with the Bears. In 1968, with his fortunes vastly improved, Butkus expanded the house, adding a workout complex. In it stands Dick's pride and joy: a Universal Gym, \$2,400 worth of muscle-building machinery on which he manufactures the strength that makes him the game's best linchhacker. "My weakest point is the bench press," Butkus allows during an impromptu tour. "I only lift about 200, and the weights go up to 220. But I don't want to get muscle-bound. I need that mobility." On the military press, which goes up to 200 pounds, Butkus regularly lifts 170 or more—the weight of a minuscule running back. "In comparison," he explains, "you can do things that no gym can teach you."

Leg weights, a sit-up machine and many other Charles Atlas adaptations are available on the Universal, and starting in May of every year Barkus begins using them. He works out with two football-playing neighbors, Marty Schottanheimer of the Bills and John Johnson of the Broncos. After a few sit-ups the two takes off in sweat suits for a half-mile airplane runway belonging to a neighboring farmer. They run for an hour or two, mixing the action up with competitive sprints and handicapped distance races, then return to the gym for a few friendly leg lifts. "Working out by yourself can be deadly boring," says Barkus, "but with Marty and John it's all a lot of fun. Sometimes, at parties, after we've had a few beers, some of us guys come down here and compete on the weights but I try not to overdo it. This machine is supposed to keep me from injuries, not inflict them."

Back of the gym, past his daughter's toy cockpit, is Barkus' sauna, which he and a few of his pals built. "One of these days," says Dick with a wicked grin, "I'm going to pour a couple of gallons of vodka on the stones and see what happens. Nice for a party."

Barkus has warm relations with his neighbors. His mother lives two doors to the west and the intervening neighbor, a husband named Jessen Buck, has given the Barkuses free access across his neat front lawn. (After all, who would start a spite fence-feud with a Barkus?) Dick's own yard is chockablock with kids' toys, swings, bikes and chinning bars. His driveway provides the only clue that something more than a middle-income suburbanite dwells within. In the driveway are parked a Cadillac Coupe de Ville, a Corvette Stingray and a Pontiac station wagon. Dick drives the Caddy and the Stingray; his wife Helen drives the wagon.

Helen Barkus, 37, is an outspoken, loyal little housewife and mother. Short, blonde, blue-eyed and just a shade plumpish, she conveys that sense of puzzled motherhood that comes across so poignantly in Midwestern women of her age. It's as if they had suddenly been switched by time machine from their high school days to a position of moral and danger-changing authority in some very important nursery. And they wonder: What the heck, how did I get here and should I do like Mommy? Inevitably, they do.

If Joe Namath and Dick Barkus, as the opinion men at their opposite positions, represent poles of difference in football character, then their women are important indications of that character. Helen Barkus is no Namath sissy. Born Helen Essenberg of Swedish-American background, she started during the Lithuanian kid who became the animal that is called Dick Barkus when she was only 14. At that time she was attending Fenger High on Chicago's South Side and Dick was at Chicago Vocational, a few miles away. CVS was—and is to this day—one of those technical schools where the corridors smell of sawed wood and burnt steel from the shops, where the lockers bear two-inch-deep dents from tough kids punching out their frustrations and where you can always find bloodstains from duelfights in the john. Barkus was already marked for greatness: as a hard-running fullback he doubled his ferocity on defense. The kid had his coaches agog. By the end of his high school career he had pro scouts goggling as well. How did he hook up with teeny little Helen? "I don't know," says Dick today, with his little boy half-smile. "She was kinda cute."

Apart from that, Helen is a dedicated *Washoe* in the best Midwestern tradition. She worries incessantly about the inextinguishable rust spots on the backyard patio, means mildly with that touching wifely self-martyrdom when she stoops to extirpate a weed from a garden abrim with tabereros. "Gosh, there's a lot to dooo," she sighs, licking a bead of sweat from her dainty upper lip.

There is, indeed. Apart from handling the hearty appetites of her outsize husband, Helen must take care of two children, both out in Daddy's mold. Daughter Nikki, who just turned 4, is a robust little blonde who could muddle lineback for any nursery school (she attends a Montessori school, however, where traditional physical activity is considered "inadequate"). Son Ricky, who celebrates his 3rd birthday this month, rides a tricycle like Carter his cavalry mount. On a recent evening the Barkuses were preparing to go out for dinner and Dick's mother had accepted the baby-sitting assignment. "O.K., kids," piped Helen. "You're going to go over by Grandma's for supper!" Instant dozeoffs. Barkus growled low in his throat, more to himself than the kids. Just as instantly, perfect hearing. The three of them, gigan-

tic Daddy and his two kids, leaped across neighbor Buck's front lawn like a Fearless Threesome. Helen bit her lower lip as she watched Nikki go. "Oh, golly," she said at last. "Nikki walks just like Dick. I hope she loses that."

Like most pro athletes in the long-seasoned sports, Barkus spends very little time with his family. During the season, even when he is physically present, his head is usually off somewhere else, revinding cerebral game film and psyching up for next weekend. During the off season there is a semi-weekly radio show (yes, Barkus speaks), dinner appearances, endorsements, meetings with other players (until this season he was Chicago's rep to the Players' Association) and with his coaches (as a defensive co-captain he exercises a weighty leadership function). Understandably, then, Barkus feels guilty about not fulfilling the traditional father role. This summer when Brian Piccolo, the young Bear running back, died of cancer, Barkus felt that gash all the more. "I kept thinking about what Brian said when he was dying, that maybe football hadn't really been worth it, that it had kept him from being with his wife and kids, and now he wasn't going to be with nobody no more."

Thus motivated, Barkus rented a camper and took off with Helen and the kids for a rolling vacation. "Like the hippies say, it was a bum trip," Dick recalls. "We bit off more than we could chew—2,000 miles in a week, from Ogallala, Neb. through Wyoming and down to Colorado. We were following the runs in the Oregon Trail part of the way. I kind of liked that—the mountain men, you know, Bridger and Fitzpatrick, they always appealed to me, tough and hard-nosed. But the kids got bored with history." He imitates a child's voice, all whines and meowles: "Daddy, who cares about a stinky old fort, we wanna go swimming." So I took 'em down to this lake in the mountains. I'm going down this mountain in this huge camper. I'm shuffling into second, into first, I'm braking. I'm scared foolish that we're going to go over the edge. Then we get there and swim. It's colder than a weldigger's feet and the rocks cut you. I couldn't wait to get to Denver, where there were people and buildings and TV sets. I tied down all the gear in the camper and,

(Continued)

man, we went. I like it say, a hamster."

By contrast to all those chilly mountains and empty plains, dinner tonight is to be in the real world of Dick Butkus. John's Pizzeria in Calumet City, Ill. Wicked old Cal City, the Sodom and Gomorrah of the Lake Michigan steel belt, infamous since the early 1950s for its hookers and panderers and fabulous dip joints. Driving past the onion ranches toward Cal City, Butkus plays rock on the Caddy's stereo. "Don't it always seem to go that you don't know what you got till it's gone? They paved paradise and put up a parking lot. . . ." Cal City has changed. Cory Little discotheques stud the main drag, their freaked-out colored lights casting the shadows of bouffant B girls in neon-skirts on the passersby. One of the old-time night clubs—boarded up now—points a telling contrast. The faded facade invites one and all to witness "All Girl Revue—Venus and Her Jungle Band." Butkus smiles secretly when the sign is pointed out to him. Yeah, the Jant-

gle Band? All those know-middle-class high school girl fantasies about being carried off by a lustful jowls. Helen, too, is smiling.

John's Pizzeria is more than the name implies. A vast, dark, multicoctored restaurant, it hums with nasal Chicago accents and songs with bursts of exuberant Italian. Butkus inhales the odor of pasta and wines and spicy sausages, his chest expanding to the size of the Good-year blimp. "Yum, yum," he sighs. John Bucino, son of the owner and top chef, comes up to advise on the goodies. "How's it going to go this year with the Bears, Dick?" "Better," snarls Butkus. "Can't get no worse." The dinner begins to pour in from the kitchen. Fragrant oranges, strips of calamari, steamed shrimp, mushrooms the size of kids' hats, chicken, salad, snails. "They get them from the dishes in Hammond," guffaws Dick. Helen won't touch the snails. She sips a Buzzard and drags deep on one of her Kools. Oh, this ample feast! Butkus eats with the finger-licking, ven-

erous abandon of that scene in *Two Jaws*, none of that picky stuff he had paraded so well at the Pump Room. Food and the eating of food are big items with Dick Butkus. A couple of guys at the bar request his autograph—"For the kids, you know," and Dick smiles knowingly. Then starts on buying a round of beers. Butkus points it with a resigned shrug. Let them tell all their friends how they were drinking with Butkus, and how the Bears are going to do this year and all the lies sports fans are capable of—no, compelled to tell. "Sometimes it gets tough, going out to dinner," Butkus confides. "Always there are guys wanting to buy you beers. If you won't let them drink, then they want to fight you. I suppose a broken nose from Dick Butkus is some kind of status symbol. Hah, hah."

The Cal City atmosphere, the Italian food, the used and ominous stare of the patrons combined to produce yet

Tareyton Charcoal



another definition of indefinable Dick Butkus. He is a latter-day *condemner*—a mercenary captain of the sort that led Renaissance Italy's armies through wars that were as much about as bloodshed. To the *condemner* element was as important as strength, and this facet of Butkus has never been fully appreciated. Words like "strength," "abandon" and "recklessness" abound in any definition of Butkus' playing style, yet those qualities are guided by a first-rate football intelligence. Though most of the Bears' defensive signal are now called by Coach Jim Dooley, Butkus is perhaps better equipped to do the calling. "I can see it all about to happen," he says. "At the key moment—the instant of the snap—I somehow know, most of the time, just how the flow pattern will develop. It's all there in the backdrop. I stare—I don't know—right through the center and the quarterback, right through their eyes. I watch for the keys, and they are very tiny keys, believe me. Tiny little twitches of their shoulders and their heads

and their feet and eyes. There's just this split second, before it all starts to move, when you put those keys together and you know—you damned well know—how it's going." Opposing coaches like Minnesota's offensive assistant Jerry Burns realize Butkus' greatness in this sensical defensive role. "He's smartsy on audibles," says Burns. "That helps him considerably on the blitz—Butkus probably blitzes and gambles more effectively than Nobis or Natschke."

This season Butkus will have the opportunity to broaden his instinctive leadership qualities. As a defensive co-captain (along with Cornerback Bennie McRae), he will be responsible for shoring up the riddled Bear morale. Last year's disastrous season has left the Bears in a growling mood, one which could make it even more dangerous if the team's leaders permit it. On the other hand, it could serve as a psychological launch pad for a fine season.

"Leadership has always kind of scared me," Butkus admitted as he mopped up

the remains of John Hadzic's croaking. "I've always figured that by playing my best, and keeping my mouth shut I'd be showing the guys a good example. Ugh, what a cheesy idea: good example. But now I know that it's going to take more than perfect football to make this club move again. I want to try to be more than a superior football player. I'd like to be a real leader." He blushed a shade of delicate pink and then discovered a pear slice left over from dessert. "I don't know, I guess a lot of talking and inspirational stuff goes against my image. The Animal. Maybe it goes against the real me, whoever that is. But I'm going to give it a try."

Helen Butkus stared into the ruins of her meal and said quietly: "He's still growing." It was an incisive insight, perhaps a frightening one to the high school sweetheart who had named the football hero, but it had the ring of truth. The next time they play the Butkus word-game in Chances R, perhaps someone will answer: "Human being." **END**

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Names people of the week:

The unidentified moviegoer who watched part of *The Un-Defended* at a San Rafael, Calif. drive-in, stepped out of his car and shot John Wayne right through the heart with an arrow. This did not slow down the Duke, but it took experts two days to figure out how to extract the arrow without wrecking the screen.

The motorcycle nut who tore Naples apart one Saturday night. The main drag (P.le Rens), the nearby squares and the sidewalk cafes were packed when a dark-haired youth exploded in the middle of it all on a souped-up Ducati 125. He roared down one-way but lanes the wrong way, leaped the cycle from sidewalk to sidewalk and zipped in and out among the tables, scattering people, pigeons, ice cream, baby carriages and motorists, so say nothing of the Neapolitan police force. After two hours of what has been feebly described as unimaginable havoc, he vanished into a maze of alleys in the old Toledo quarter and has not been seen since. "I am the Zorro of the motorcycle!" he told a friend, but Naples has dubbed him Agostino the Mad after Italy's motorcycle ace, Giacomo Agostini.

no Agostini. Says Agostini the Real: "What I want to know is how he managed to get so much public enthusiasm that I can't cash in on."

Anyone who shells out \$600,000 a week to charter the Queen Elizabeth II. The QE2 is available for private use, provided you give Cunard a few years' notice and do not insist on using her during the height of the Atlantic crossing season. For your \$600,000 you get to invite 1,665 friends on your cruise, but bear in mind that the price will be slightly higher if you insist on top speed all week. And tips are not included.

Ninevent of the week:

A half-time contest between Lamar Hunt and Clint Murchison, longtime Texas rivals whose teams—the Chiefs and the Cowboys—met for the first time in Dallas. A wincing match was suggested as apt, but both millionaires declined. "I don't want to get involved in any contest with Lamar," said Murchison. "He's won the Super Bowl, gotten Kansas City to build him a stadium and has sold it out in season tickets not only for this year but the next, none of which I have been able to do. At least I have figured out one thing. I know when to quit."

Kenya nixed the use of its wild lions, so for the sequel to his film *Born Free* Producer Carl Foreman found himself using zoo lions. Talk of the movie? Ah, yes, *Living Free*.

"I just hope the pagans is as smooth as the trip," said Debbie Sue May, Miss Indiana, having piloted a Piper Cherokee VII all the way to Atlantic City for the Miss America contest. Unfortunately for Debbie it wasn't. She failed to make the semifinals.



maybe because her hobbies are flying and jumping horses and her heart's desire is to sky-dive. On that stage in Convention Hall, Del., you've got to think small.

Canada's sporting prince minister, Pierre Trudeau, definitely did swing through Ottawa between his skin-diving trip to the Caribbean and his painting holiday in the Mediterranean, though Canadians can only be sure, according to one Toronto newspaper, because there was "evidence of wet flipper tracks coming and going."

Fingers:

Rogers Morton, Congressman from Maryland and Republican national chairman, was congratulating the winner of the Governor's Cup Race in the 23rd Annual Crab Derby in Chisfield, Md. when the congratulatory pinched him. "A Democratic crab," Morton muttered, shifting his grip.

The Cincinnati Bengals' Mike Reid displayed his right index finger in an exhibition game and has had to stop practice—piano practice, that is. Reid, who is scheduled to

play Cincinnati's Rhapsody in Blue with the Cincinnati Orchestra in April, says, "Now I can't do anything about getting the piece ready for at least two months." He also is scheduled to play a season opener against Oakland. For that he is ready.

And then there's Antonio O'Delley, who was gored in the finger. In Lincoln last month a bull took O'Delley's cape during the first act of *revolutions*, and so the audible disgust of the crowd O'Delley, instead of recovering it, turned and fled. Official word is that as O'Delley vaulted the bull's head he nailed the very tip of the little finger of his pivoting left (or nonfighting) hand. No odd grunted O'Delley's retreat to his ranch for plastic surgery and an indefinite recuperation period described as "complete rest and total inactivity." He's still there, and the inactivity includes not answering the telephone.

♦ There is Vice-President Agnew facing off in Palm Springs again, and it is—can it be—in Agnew's favor once again—yes! Doug Sanders, standing there! Yes, standing!

A dozen boats a year run into York Lodge outside of Falmouth Harbor in Massachusetts, but only this month the reef channel unexpectedly fancy waters. Winthrop Adick's yacht *Playfair*, The 80-foot cruiser hit it hard and just managed to struggle back to Falmouth without sinking, decoupled at dockside. Damage estimates range up to \$700,000, a job even for a former president and board chairman of The Chase Manhattan Bank and onetime Ambassador to the Coast of St. James. Now there is talk that better warning markings will be better placed at York Lodge. If so, local sailors have a friend at Chase Manhattan.



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Dewar House, Haymarket, London, S.W. 1, opened in 1908. Lots of interesting things here. Famous paintings like "The MacNab," and "Thin Red Line." The Chaney Bust of Sir Walter Scott. And the worn, bescribbled tavern table on which Robert Burns wrote many of his poems.



When John Dewar opened his shop he exemplified the virtues of the poor Scot of those days: grit, courage, thrift, plain living, honesty, a taste for hard work, and the vision to grasp a golden opportunity. For example, no one had yet dreamed of putting up Authentic Scotch Whisky in bottles. Here was an opportunity for John Dewar and he was quick to seize it. By the end of the century the annual output of Dewar's "White Label" had reached a million gallons.



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The facts in this advertisement have been authenticated by the management of John Dewar & Sons, Ltd., Perth, Scotland.

In a changing cast, one guy still gives a hoot

The St. Louis Cardinal lineup is not the same as last year's and most likely it will be different again in 1971. Only Bob Gibson remains the same. In a trying season he is still baseball's most effective pitcher

Tim McCarver, now of the Philadelphia Phillies but a man who for seven fall seasons and parts of three others enjoyed the luxuries, humor and competitiveness that come with catching Bob Gibson of the St. Louis Cardinals, stood last week in New York's Shea Stadium and recalled some of his stimulating moments spent with baseball's best pitcher. "He showed me things as an athlete that I will probably never see again," McCarver said. "He works hard at everything and has a competitive fire that is unbelievable. Sometimes when I would go out to the mound to talk to him he would be concentrating so much that he would just keep turning his head and I would have to circle around him and say things like, 'Tim McCarver, the catcher. Remember me, we've met several times before?' Uh, Bob, Bob? One time I went out to the mound and he asked me what I was doing there. I told him what I wanted to tell him and he said, 'O.K. Timmy, you go right back there and catch now and, by the way, Timmy, the only thing you really know about good pitching is that you can't hit it.'"

Last Friday night Gibson moved gracefully to his 21st victory of the season by outpitching Tom Seaver of the Mets and completing his 21st game of the year. Only two weeks ago, attended by sparse national publicity, the 34-year-old Gibson became a 20-game winner for the fifth time and moved into a class normally linked with baseball immortality. The New York Yankees, Pittsburgh Pirates, Brooklyn-Los Angeles Dodgers, Cincinnati Reds and Chicago White Sox, historically good baseball teams, have never had a man produce five 20-game seasons for them, and when the names of the 13 men who have done it before for one club in modern times are mentioned the lights automatically dim in Cooperstown: Cy Young, Christy Mathewson, Walter Johnson, Warren

Spaun, Carl Hubbell, Grover Cleveland Alexander, Robin Roberts, Bob Feller, Lefty Grove—names like that. The only other active pitcher on the list is Juan Marichal.

This season Gibson's winning percentage of .377, based on his record of 21-6, is his best in the majors. Had the rest of the Cardinal pitching staff pitched only 500 ball this year, St. Louis would be in first place, three games in front in the National League East, instead of in fourth place, a desolatory nine games behind. In May, when his record was 2-3, some thought that Gibson might be backing up. "I've heard that story before," he says. "I've had bad starts but, luckily, they haven't lasted long."

With Gibson few things are a matter of luck. This year he is hitting over .300 and fielding like—well—like Bob Gibson. Friday night Manager Red Schoendienst summed up not only Gibson but the Cardinals' odd 1970 situation: "It's been a whole season of ifs for us," he said. "If we had caught this ball or if we hadn't thrown to the wrong base or if the bullpen had held or if we had turned over the double play. We have gone with too many ifs as excuses. But let me give you one more. Two weeks ago in St. Louis Bob pitched 12 innings against the Mets and lost. They used six pitchers and Gibson outpitched them all. If we hadn't made two bad mistakes in the infield in the 12th Bob would have had another win, which he deserved, instead of his sixth loss, which he didn't deserve. I certainly don't want to take anything away from some of the pitchers I played with or against over the years, but Bob Gibson is the best pitcher I have ever seen."

Opposing hitters are even more impressed than Schoendienst. Over the last six seasons Henry Aaron has hit .210 against Gibson, Billy Williams .203, Tony Perez .890, Richie Allen, in the

five years before he joined the Cards, hit .897. Since 1965, five of the National League's top long-ball hitters, Ernie Banks, Willie McCovey, Ron Santo, Jim Wynn and Perez, have struck a total of three home runs off Gibson.

All this excellence has brought the big Cardinal exactly one national endorsement: the throw a ball at a sheet of Plexiglas, and this year a salary that is estimated to be around \$125,000. The figure should rise next season to the area of \$150,000, making Gibson not only the highest-paid pitcher ever, but close to the highest-paid player. Some of his

continued



GLATED GIBSON AFTER WIN OVER METS

salary has been invested in an AM-FM radio venture in his home-town black community in Omaha, Neb. It and his charitable work with black children are his chief interests outside of baseball.

"People ask me why I pitch so fast," he said last week. "It's just the way I prefer to do my job. I think that if you don't float around out there your defense will not lean back on its heels. And I'll be honest, I don't like to turn a game over to the bullpen. I would rather handle things myself because I've seen a lot of games go."

"Sure, this has been a disappointing season. Once you get used to winning there is no other feeling like it. We lost a game this week in Pittsburgh, a tough loss, and I hung my head in the dressing room. I noticed that Lou Brock was doing the same thing. Our eyes caught one another's but we didn't say anything. It seemed to bother us quite a bit more than it was bothering some other people. If you're a Cardinal you're supposed to win."

The man who is supposed to help Gibson win, now that McCarver has left, is 21-year-old Ted Simmons, who has caught 12 of Gibson's wins and two of his losses, including the 12-inning affair with the Mets. Simmons is properly contrite. "I really don't know much about the hitters yet," he said, "but he's teaching me every time I catch him."

Although the Cardinals do not seem to have a chance, Gibson continues to be a force in the National League East race. He will not express a personal choice as to which team will eventually win. "New York's strength is pitching," he says. "Pittsburgh's is hitting and Chicago is supposed to have overall balance."

This year the Cardinals seem almost to perform under a hex when Gibson is not pitching. On one occasion a two-run lead, nursed into the eighth inning, was turned over to the bullpen and handled thereafter with the tender care of a grizzly bear walking on a buttercup. One problem, not of Gibson's making, was that the Cardinals, seeking to change their image, went for a club that would score runs. Players came and players left and at times knowing baseball people wonder if General Manager Bing Devine was not also moonlighting as a pursuer for the Belgian Navy, but in 1970 the team was considered to have the potential to contend and possibly even win

That was before July—when St. Louis won only eight games.

By the end of last week the Cards still had nine games left with Chicago and Pittsburgh—and Gibson continued to pitch with hope. Almost everybody else waited for yet another large truck to back up to the Cardinal clubhouse and change the case of players once more—to the kind who can win like Gibson.

THE WEEK

by HAROLD PETERSON

NL EAST

Without was sitting up nights in hotel rooms eating plastic-wrapped sandwiches and writing these melodramatic, horribly camp, sensibly popular pulp-paper dime novels the National League was pleased to use as endings all these years. Bobby Thomson's home run, the Phillies' collapse, Kousser's victory in the twilight—has definitely speculated. He now greets our baseball fictionists, for the Eastern Division, last year . . . well, who's forgotten last year?

This season the self-indulgence which is clearly meant on the only possible topic: first contenders go down to the last game and end in a three-way tie, requiring a pre-playoff round robin. Dear Danie, Montague and hand-shelled Lee Dierker have been feeling it in their uniform bones for weeks, as witness the two critical games between Cincinnati and Pittsburgh that were decided in the last out in the last half of the last inning. In the first, the Pirates saw their two run-inning game-hosting home runs nearly nullified by a three-run first homer by Jim Hickman (an entire chapter in himself). In the second game, with two out and nobody on in the bottom of the ninth, a clearly game-ending mistake by left fielder Marty Allen's glove, returning the door to being and winning has by Don Kessinger and Billy Williams. At about the time this was happening Steve Stone was losing in 11 innings to the Cardinals. Again the two three-scoring were bunched within one game and seven percentage points. Three days earlier the Mets had won a game that went 14 innings after an apparent home-run was disallowed. When the Pirates played the Cubs in a Labor Day doubleheader, this split, believe it, but incredibly, against the same Cubs, the Mets split a three-game series. The rubber game was rained out and rescheduled as yet a fourth game that will be played on a Monday night, opposite ABC's pro football.

After strange things happened. In a bunting situation, Dierker yanked Fischer Felipe Jenkins for a pinch hitter. This would not have been quite so odd if all Jenkins had not been pitching brilliantly. In Jenkins had not exerted sacrifices successfully 10 times this season, tying him for the club lead, (the pinch batter had not been John R. Gibson, who is a much better power hitter than bunter (his batting percentage is, in fact, still .000), and all Jenkins' two put, to get someone had not been shelled profusely. Another division batter emerged from a faded-up bunting situation less embarrassed. Ernie Banks, still at 39 and holding out, had happened to ask a reporter what was wrong. He asked O'Donoghue's best pitch was. "The home run ball," the reporter replied. Banks' friend O'Donoghue with runners on first and second, fouled off two bunts, and then hit a three-run homer into a 15 mph wind to break a 2-2 tie. The most notable thing that happened all week was the Cardinals, taking two of three, finally stopped looking like five-and-seventy rednecks basking in a pre-early time they faced the Mets. (They had lost 24 of their last 36 games with New York.) I am not sure that and Montreal were not mathematically eliminated, and, indeed, they were staging a pretty fair fight for fifth.

PITTSBURGH WED 7:00 PM CHS 7:00 PM
ST. L. 7:30 PM PHIL 8:00 PM NIGHT 8:00 PM

NL WEST

Still another unexpected pitching lead, rookie Milt Hargrett, up from Indianapolis, five-beat the Dodgers for his second major league victory in four days as the Reds edged toward a division championship. "Well, that's just another home in our stable," Pete Rose said. "Maybe we can get the league to play 500 games next year so all our pitchers can work into the rotation." None of these pitchers will compete for starting spots, and five of them are under 22 years old. Two, teenager Don Gullett and outfielder (20) Wayne Granger, continued to shag themselves. Until the Dodgers got to him, Gullett had allowed no runs and one hit in 13½ innings, striking out 19. Granger recorded his 32nd save. Some might think that about all new recruits. Walter Alton has to show for his season (a former pupil, Sparky Anderson, Cincinnati's manager. But even after five consecutive losses (15 in the last 21 games) Alton continued to insist that he was sticking with his present club. Willy Crawford, for one, keeps on denying Alton's confidence. In one stretch he had nine hits in 17 at bats. As a freshman, on the other hand, has won 21 out of his last 30, but is annual drive for second place has not evoked any great loyalty in Bay Area fans. Despite stomach cramps, Juan Marichal beat the Dodgers 4-3 Friday. Attendance was only 8,574. Thursday, Gullett

Perry won his 20th game as the Giants beat Houston 11-0, and Perry and brother Jim (22-11 with Minnesota) became the first brothers ever to win 20 games or more in the majors in the same season. And on hand to witness the historic first? A mate, 2,469. They could hardly pay the freight for the Gaylord Perry set ones tossed out of play. ATLANTA had to battle to cling to fourth place, although Pat Jarvis beat Houston for the 12th time in 13 decisions. When Jerry-Roy's Diers, Monte singled in the winning run to beat the Braves Friday, the hit came off 47-year-old Herb Wilhelms. "Feel sorry for the old man?" Monte chuckled. "Hack, no," he answered. "Did he feel sorry for me all the times he got me out?" Clarence Gaussian hit three home runs, bringing his total of 26 and the Padres' winning streak of five straight.

CHIC 92-90 LA 18 97 ST 97 98
ATL 79-78 HOU 70-76 SD 88-89

AL EAST Earl Weaver shut the clubhouse door and had a little talk with his two losers. Orioles after their lead was cut to nine games. All he told them, he says, was this: "If we win the next three, which is all likelihood we will, we'll be back in a dozen games in front." Arriving at shouting papers, Baltimore took the three straight, all by one-run margins. After Friday's 15-inning, 3-2 victory over Boston, the Orioles had won 34 of their 49 American ball games. More than half their victories have been by two runs or fewer. Nicely counterbalancing Baltimore, the New York Yankees lost four straight games by one run, making them eligible for associate membership in the SPBC (Society for the Preservation of Baseball Chicks' Pervasive Winners With the Close Ones Chapter), members' Carl Yastrzemski, consoling with Reggie Smith, Tony Oliva, Luis Aparicio and Alex Johnson for a biting tale that would be his fourth, had earlier said, "I don't intend to take a rice and I break a leg." But when Manager Eddie Roden roared him after a three-run homer in a 14-0 lashing, Yast said, "I didn't lose anything by it. It is a game of that kind, I can't keep up my interest and concentration." Commissioner Bowie Kuhn said Denny McLain packed a pistol, then Manager Mayo Smith returned that, whether the Dennis might have tried a gun. It was not out on the playing fields of the American League. "If he had," Smith said to clinch the point, "he'd have shot the organist who is always begging him to quit." Someone else theorized that McLain had only been carrying a water pistol. But the questions continued. For example: Would McLain be traded for Frank Howard? Would the Oakland organist not play "Denny Get Your Gun," or "The Shooting of Denny McGuire" or "Raindrops Keep Falling on my Head"? What has two legs

and flies? ("Jim Northrup," is just the correct answer.) **WASHINGTON** Owner Bob Short informed the world, "I've got Ted Williams, the manager who can handle McLain." He also still had Howard, who led the league in home runs and RBIs, CLEVELAND led in nothing.

DET 90-90 NY 81-88 BOS 76-79
DET 75-71 CLE 71-76 WASH 88-87

AL WEST ALLEN may be a spring liner, at some day, but there is growing insistence that he also bears serious watching in the fall. With cooler weather, the star-cool was back in his swing, a fact Manager Hal Rigney discovered on Labor Day when, as a wind blew out to left field, he kept the slugger in the lineup. Alya hit one grand slam home run and one three-run homer, accounting for all the Twin runs in a 7-0 victory. For the doubleheader he had four hits and nine RBIs. Rigney decided to keep him in the lineup. Allen got at least one RBI through eight games, totaled 16, and collected 13 hits in 26 at bats. For September, he has gone 17 for 41 with 22 runs batted in. Any team whose starters sound like the brand names in a breakfast advertisement (Vida Blue, Blue Moon, Carlin's Hammer) has to be expected to be a little erratic. After dropping three games to Minnesota and falling off his back, Oakland went on another streak, this one winning, led by Blue's one-hitter against Kansas City. Reggie Jackson started hitting home runs again (the new hit 21), but he also made an unpleasant gesture to Owner Charley Finley in the stands and said a bad thing tending to imply that Finley is overly fond of himself. Jackson's public apology appeared on Tuesday. Later he denied authorship of the retraction but admitted its rhetoric. Thursday, his error helped lose a game. "I knew I had a long run for that Killebrew fly ball but I took it la-di-da," he re-apologized. "I'm 24. Maybe when I'm 26 I won't make mistakes like that." Just three games out on Sept. 3, CLEVELAND'S Angels lost one straight to fall 11 games behind by Sunday. Providence Bob Reynolds, never tackled, retired Manager Lefty Phillips and snapped, "Now if the players would bring themselves to it, they should be able to finish second. You wonder if they are aware of the difference between second place and third." KANSAS CITY'S Lou Pinella asked: Bob Lemon to have means taken of his vying. "I don't need means to tell what's wrong," Lemon said. "You ain't aggressive enough. Get off your hoch." Pinella went out and got a three-run double plus two singles. MIAMI was playing .310 ball on the road. The CHICAGO White Sox went a doubleheader—a season first.

MIN 97-88 SAN 88-87 CAL 77-88
SD 88-89 MIL 85-88 DET 83-82



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He cried all the way to the bank

**The 11th game meant only another
less for once-mighty "Bama, whose
Bear Bryant is not fond of losing.
Still, there were compensations**

Let's face it, fans, college football suddenly is no longer a game of inches. Or even of yards. Or even of, say, 100 yards. Oh, no. Now it's a game of practical multiplication, with the added variants of 1 really being 11 while 2 is 1, 3 is 2 and so on up to 11 really being 10. Got that? Well, if that confuses you, just think what it does to the poor people at Alabama and Arkansas and California and a bunch of others. They all played the new game last Saturday, the extra game, the 11th game, and wound up with deficits—and buckets of fresh money—when normally they would have been home knocking heads and getting ready for their season openers.

All this strange making a profit out of a loss began last January when "... the NCAA voted to allow each team to play an 11th game for the extra money," said Bear Bryant, who voted for the change but privately admitted that his rebuilding program at Alabama needed an extra game just a shade less than he needed a 5' 3" fat flanker. Bryant and Alabama dominated the 1990s, but the storied defenses had crumbled badly the last two years. So badly, in fact, that for the fourth game last season Bryant, in desperation, turned an All-America offensive guard and a very fine second-string fullback into two very confused starting linebackers. And when your big dam of concrete turns into a very small hill of sand you don't invite a flood in for an extra whack. Not at Alabama just for money you don't. At least not now, thought Bryant, who had just begun to pour fresh concrete.

Then his phone rang. It was John McKay of USC, a close friend. McKay was calling Bryant the coach, he was calling Bryant the athletic director. "Hey," said McKay, "I just got the O.K. for an 11th game. How about against you?"

"I'll have to see if I can get permission," said the athletic director, ignoring the sighs of his coach. Permission was

given, and the match was made for last Saturday night in Birmingham. For the invasion USC hoped to cut \$175,000 out of the purse, enough to feed an entire herd of 250-pound tackles. Financially, football multiplication works well for all. Because of the bonus, which is hardly desperate for, the USC football department will donate \$30,000 a year to a minority-groups non-athletic scholarship fund.

Last week, two days before the game, Bryant sat in his office in Tuscaloosa and viewed the coming of USC from both of his angles. "I supported an 11th game for everybody not because I thought it would help us in the immediate future. I thought it would help teams that needed the extra money now. And," he added, barely grinning, "maybe somebody could get a team on their schedule that they could beat. But then this USC game came up and I thought it was too attractive to pass up. Especially when we want good trips."

So much for the athletic director. "But

it might be a little early," said the coach. "Probably a year too early. But, damn, if you get down and want to get back up you've got to play some great teams and win. Still, I wish it was next year."

"Until USC came along," said Charles Thornton, the Alabama sports information director, "our opener was against Virginia Tech. We could beat them 60-0 and nobody would start pounding any drums for us to ramp into the top 20. But if we beat USC..." All sports information directors are eternal optimists. If they weren't, they would be sportswriters. Or even coaches.

Saturday night a crowd of 72,175 turned out, glowing from the presence in its midst of Commander Richard Gordon, the Apollo 12 Moonraker, Celeste Holm, the actress, and a lot of that fine old Southern beverage, bourbon. Most of the crowd shared Thornton's optimism. The feeling lasted only until McKay unleashed his seemingly endless supply of running backs and then it crumbled with Alabama's promising but young defense. The Trojans walked over them 42-21. Said Scoop Hudgins of the Southeastern Conference office: "Don't those guys ever fall down?"

They do and they did, but not until they had run for 485 yards, a lot of the yards coming after the runners had been hit once—and not a small number after they had been hit twice. They picked up more yards while falling than Alabama had rushing (32) the whole night. Six Trojans carried the ball, and each of them gained 53 yards or more. And for the night the best of them all was Sam Cunningham, a 6'3", 212-pound sophomore reserve (well, he was a reserve, who ran 125 yards for 135 yards and two touchdowns. Out of 70 running plays USC managed to get past Alabama's defensive line 61% of the time. "Stop those runners and they can be beat," observed one of the state's sportswriters. Which is a little like saying, if a victim can stop the bullets he's got the firing squad whipped. USC's

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Jimmy Jones put the ball in the air just enough to keep Alabama's secondary honest, completing five of 13 for 68 yards and coming close enough on his mission to keep it scored.

When it was over Alabama's hand stayed on to play *Raiders Keep Faith in My Head*. And Bryant went back to pouring his concrete with a consolation: he had helped a lot of underprivileged kids, none of them running backs, go through school at USC.

Next week USC takes on Nebraska, a big and four team that had things pretty much its own way in beating Wake Forest 36-12 in Lincoln. The Cornhuskers' war chest fared well, too. Usually Nebraska plays opponents on a home-and-home basis, with both teams splitting whatever is in the day's pot. But for this one Wake Forest agreed to come for \$135,000, and when 66,103 fans turned out and the invaders were paid off the Nebraskaans scuttled to the bank with something like \$250,000.

There were a few other bonuses, like Joe Orducci, back from a season's absence after knee surgery, and Johnny Rodgers, Nebraska's most-tested tooth-on-tooth in years. "It was good getting into a rivalry game," Rodgers said. "I was getting awfully tired of doing nothing but practice, practice, practice." At one point on Saturday, Quarterback Jerry Tagge called Rodgers' number on a fly pattern, one of football's more complicated plays. And the pair executed it brilliantly. Rodgers ran as fast and as straight as he could, and Tagge threw the ball as far as he could. And when it was over Nebraska had scored on a 61-yard pass. When Rodgers caught the ball he was 15 yards behind the nearest defender. That's flying.

"That was the second time we tried it," said the canny Rodgers. "I missed up the first one. Tagge had a few words for me on the sideline after that one. I didn't miss the second chance."

Nebraska's latest star finished the day with 33 yards on three carries and another 37 yards with a kickoff return. Orducci, Nebraska's leading runner in 1967 and 1968, appeared as fit as ever. He averaged five yards on 10 carries, scored twice and apparently took the l-buck job away from Jeff Kinney, last year's best sophomore back in the Big Eight. Well, maybe. Kinney did gain 55 yards in 11 carries, and he scored once. It's

tough duty having two guys like that fighting for a job.

In another big, ah, tune-up, Georgia Tech emerged as one of the South's top independents, for the moment, and made a move toward recovering some of its past glories by beating South Carolina 23-20. Before the game Head Coach Bud Carson said Tech had to win it with defense, and then he sat back and watched his offense rip South Carolina for 23 first downs and 396 yards, and, of course, enough points to win.

Carson's worries over his offense were understandable. For one, he started a sophomore line, and when it blocked exceedingly well a lot of shoulders went through the South. And, two, he started a kid named Eddie McAshin, who was under just a little bit of pressure as a sophomore, being Tech's first black player and the Deep South's first major college black quarterback. If that didn't give the youngster butterflies, nothing ever will. Apparently nothing ever will. He completed 20 of 38 passes for 282 yards and one score, and twice in the second half he commanded touchdown drives, each starting with Tech behind. Kevin McNamara scored Tech's last two touchdowns with runs of five and two yards, leaving Paul Dietzel to explain: "I was amazed at the way we walked in the last quarter. I thought we were in shape, but they just kept throwing fresh backs at us and we couldn't stop them."

Not too far away in Chapel Hill, something of a minor miracle in medicine was taking place. Actually it began last December when Paul Miller, a left-handed junior quarterback with limited experience in four games, thought he had pulled a muscle in his back. An examination disclosed arthritis around a spinal disk. The disk was removed and a piece of his hipbone was fused into his back. The doctors told him no heavy exercise until July, and as for football, well, many people told him to forget it. Last Friday Miller was scheduled for a final examination, a yes or no on his football career. But he didn't show up for the appointment.

Saturday, just before North Carolina's game against Kentucky, Miller sat in the dressing room. The doctor walked in. "He pulled up my shirt, knocked on my bones and said O.K.," said Miller. And Coach Bill Dooley said to the third-stringer, "You'll start." And he did,

passing for two touchdowns, and a 20-10 victory.

Then things really got tough for Miller. Walking from the locker room with his father, he spotted three female admirers. The one on the right was his girlfriend back home in tiny Ayden, N.C. The one on the left was another girl friend, a Wake Forest magnetite. Miller quickly called a power play up the middle. Looking neither left nor right, he walked straight into the arms of the female in the middle. His mother's. If that doesn't win him the Heisman Trophy nothing will.

The score wasn't lopsided, only 14-9, but there were serious runnings out West when UCLA came up with an unexpectedly strong running attack to defeat Oregon State. Three of Tommy Prothro's corps of repeatedly weak running backs—Am Sims, Randy Tyler and Gary Campbell, the last two sophomores—averaged just under six yards per carry and between them ran for a total 275 yards. When you talk about points it was a pair of touchdowns passed by Dennis Durrett that put them on the scoreboard, but it was UCLA's surprising power on the ground that kept Oregon State off-balance.

"Why, some of our backs didn't even run the right routes," said a pleased Prothro. "But they ran the wrong way hard and that helped."

An official who accidentally acted as a backboard for a bouncing loose ball helped a little, too. In the final minute of the third quarter Tyler was a step from scoring but fumbled into the end zone. Oregon State recovered. On the next play, Bill Carlsquist fumbled right back. The ball bounced loose toward the out-of-bounds line, struck an official first and bounced back into the hands of UCLA. Seconds later Durrett passed 26 yards to Bob Christiansen for the winning margin. "We got a break on that one," said Prothro. "It's the luck of the game. And it was our luck."

Which is the way some of the 11th games went. Like Florida using All-America flanker Carlos Alvarez against Duke as a safety for the first time in his college career. He took the only punt that came near him and ran it back 67 yards to score. What else would you expect? And Florida won 21-19. For the week before the season opens it was one wild Saturday.

809

But at first he did succeed

Men have fished their whole lives for giant tuna without boating one, so Dr. Richard Hausknecht gets a record-size fish after three days

CONGRATULATIONS ON DELIVERY OF YOUR NEW 565-POUND BABE TUNA, the telegram read. WAS IT A BOY OR A GIRL? The recipient, an exhausted 40-year-old New York obstetrician named Richard Hausknecht, was too dazed to look. He had just boated the largest bluefin tuna ever taken on rod and reel. Men have dedicated careers and fortunes to catching such a fish, and perhaps it is right that great sacrifices precede great victories. Fish, however, knew nothing of justice. It was only the third day in his life that Dr. Hausknecht had fished for giant tuna.

It was a day begun with hope, as are all fishing days, but then everything went wrong. For a while it even appeared

that the tuna might land Dr. Hausknecht. In the company of his wife Gerry, son Michael, daughter Laura and Captain Joe Moore, Dr. Hausknecht left Montauk Point, on the extreme east end of Long Island, at 8 a.m. on Aug. 30, heading south in his 36-foot sport-fisherman, *Galena*. He had come well aboard tuna this year with bluefish and school tuna. Still, until that morning the largest fish he had ever caught was a 94-pound schoobie. His destination was the dragger *Northern Diver*, a source of fish for chumming and a lunch counter for giant tuna, which would be feeding on capcups from its net. Lenny Baben of *Northern Diver* filled a two-bushel net with small hcg, butterfish and whiting

and sent it over to the *Galena*. Tied to the net was a little jar for "contributions" and Dr. Hausknecht inserted a few dollars for good luck. He would shortly need about \$1 million worth.

Two rods were inserted in the *Galena's* stainless steel holders. One rig, speckled with 130-pound test, was baited with whiting, the other with ling. Inside of 15 minutes a large tuna appeared in the chum slick. "The fish were so far apart I thought it was two fish," Dr. Hausknecht said later. The tuna, in a feeding frenzy, quickly hit the whiting. The force of its strike ripped the rod holder out of the gunwale, screws and all. Hausknecht lunged for the rod and then had to back off on the drag to keep from being yanked overboard. Joe Moore slammed the *Galena* in reverse, helping to ease the pressure.

Dr. Hausknecht hurried into the fighting chair, a lightweight sailfish model that wasn't bolted to the deck and suddenly seemed wholly inadequate. His 12 0 Penn reel was adjusted to approximately 25 pounds of drag, and after 20 minutes of fighting the fish his arms were rubbery. He was also anxious about the light fighting chair's grabrail, the swiveling socket that supports the rod butt. There was no hope at all without the grabrail, he thought. Just then its supports splayed and it popped out and hit the deck, leaving Dr. Hausknecht with 11 pounds of unsupported rod and reel in his hands and a wild, 985-pound tuna on the end of his line. Desperate now, he tried to brace the rod beneath the chair, which promptly lifted right off the deck. Again Moore put the *Galena* into reverse. This time, however, he also radioed Bob Firno, skipper of Max Hoffman's *Towcar*, three miles away. "Bob, our grabrail broke," he said. "Can we put our anchor on your boat?"

It was clearly one of the most resourceful moves in the annals of big-game fishing and Firno agreed to it. Moore kept the *Galena* in reverse and soon *Towcar* was alongside, flying two flags, briefs and the Black Hand, for its Jewish owner and lieutenant captain. *Towcar's* stern came up against *Galena's* side. Luckily, it was flat calm. Dr. Hausknecht loosened up on the star drag and, hanging onto his rod, clambered into *Towcar's* cockpit. He had fought the fish for an hour at that point. Firno beckoned Moore to the flying bridge. "Your fish," he said, and Moore, coming aboard, pro-

HAUSKNECHT (LEFT) AND CAPTAIN JOE MOORE POSE WITH RECORD TUNA AT MONTAUK



needed to show why those all-day-and-night ordeals with giant tuna are largely episodes of the past. He backed down and turned in circles, neutralizing the tuna's run.

After three-quarters of an hour in the Tanager, Dr. Hausknecht saw his tuna for the first time. "I swear it looked like a two-man sub," he said. "It was the biggest thing I'd ever seen in the water." But it was still very green and, as Moore said, "it took off for China." Fifteen minutes later, though, Fimo grabbed the wire leader and Hoffman sank the flying gaff. Then Fimo got a line around the immense tail, or caudal fin, and the tuna was hoisted head up on Towser's gin pole by means of a hook and tackle. Ginny Hausknecht had led Gulliver alongside, her fisherman-acrobat husband jumped into his own boat and soon the great tuna was wrestled aboard Gulliver's where, Dr. Hausknecht says, "it damn near tore up the cockpit." It also disgorged some of the fish in its stomach. After the weigh-in, all involved were convinced that when hooked the tuna must have weighed over 1,000 pounds. As it was, it was still eight pounds heavier than the current all-tackle world record, a 977-pounder caught by Commander Duncan M. Hedgcock of the Canadian Navy in Nova Scotia's St. Ann Bay on a September day 20 years before. (Curiously, only a week after Dr. Hausknecht brought his fish to gaff, a 980-pound tuna was taken off Prince Edward Island.)

There was no more fishing from Gulliver that day. "We'd broken the chair and broken the angler," Dr. Hausknecht said. "We had what we came for and, besides, there was no more room in the boat." Champagne was in the refrigerator, and when Ginny got a good look at the fish she put another bottle on ice. On the way in they stopped by a few boats to show off the catch and evidently a lot of ship-to-shore radio conversation ensued, for 30 or 40 people were waiting at the Morrocah Deep Sea Club dock. The fish was hoisted on official scales, and when club weighmaster Bob Darnenberg announced "985" the crowd buzzed and, as though in an old MGM movie, someone yelled, "The new world record!"

The next morning Dr. Hausknecht called the International Game Fish Association in Miami. His record was nowhere near official yet and he was wor-

continued



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ried that swatching boats might have disqualified him. IGFA President William K. Carpenter said he didn't think so and that there were no rules against broken gimballs, either. He would send out the application forms immediately and Dr. Hausknecht felt optimistic.

Still, he knew there were people who wouldn't want him to have the record. "There are 5,000,000 boats here," he said. "They've gone out every day for years and here I come with the first tuna I've ever caught. I understand how they'll feel. I fished for striped bass for years without catching one. I remember all those nights I stood in the surf freezing my bum off, water inside my boots. Sure I felt angry when some 17-year-old went out on a Sunday afternoon and caught a 40-pounder, but that's what fishing is all about."

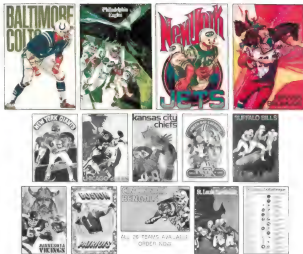
From 1951 to 1955 Dr. Hausknecht attended Tufts Medical School in Boston. "I literally lived on Cape Cod in those days," he said. "I'll bet there are over \$1,000 worth of my hooks and lures and sinkers on the bottom of the Cape Cod Canal." He told how, after his medical boards, he went to bed for two hours, then left for the Cape. "I studied for those boards while fishing for bait," he said. "It's part of my life. I do crazy things."

Dr. Hausknecht's tuna hung above the dock for nearly 48 hours. It wasn't very pretty to see by this time. The sun baked it. Tourists gaped at it. The skin became stiff and the carcass, when poked, had no more give than a fully inflated football. Finally the tuna was taken down. A man cut off the tail and the head behind the pectoral fins to send to Al Pflieger in Florida for measuring. The remainder would be taken to a dump and buried. It smelled very bad now, but still, it didn't seem a proper ending for such a fish. A couple of days earlier Dr. Hausknecht had watched people bringing in small tuna and leaving them to rot on the dock. "It seems to me that only potential record breakers should be brought in," he had said. "I know that if you fight a fish to exhaustion it may die, even if you release it. Still, I'd rather leave it where it belongs, in the boat, where it can do some good."

So one thing was sure. If there is any harm to the law of averages, even if Dr. Hausknecht fishes for tuna the rest of his life, he will never take another one ashore.

END

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Perpetual motion machine from East Germany

It just never stops rowing—or winning—and it captured the world championships in Canada so decisively there was no real second place

As Craig Swayze swam deep down into Lake Bled's electric-cold waters one day in 1986 the sound of an approaching ship's propeller surprised him. Swayze, a inveterate rowing buff and regatta chairman of this month's world championships in St. Catharines, Ontario, knew that no ship the size of the one approaching pined Yugoslavia's inland waters. Yet the whirring of a propeller's big blades resonantly being the water was unmistakable. Then Swayze surfaced and saw not a wayward steamer, but, instead, stroking past like an elite platoon of guards on parade, the East German eight-oared shell cut for a practice spin. Swayze had never before seen such precision, yet the best that particular crew could manage that year in Bled was a third.

This year, you might say they improved. St. Catharines is a befowered speck on the vast expanse of Canada and a tiny place for the world of rowing to focus on. Indeed, so small is it that one Swiss writer wound up with a ticket to St. Catharines, Ky.—which, as everyone knows, is where St. Catharines really is—but fortunately caught his mistake before having to ask a Kew-tackian where to find the World Rowing Championships.

Most people arriving in Canada's garden city wanted to get a long look at the "machine"—the crew of the East German eight. As the crowd awaited the start of the shoredown race, the red coats of the Mosatic band were mirrored in the still waters of the Royal Canadian Henley Course. The band swung from the afternoon's diet of marches and national anthems into a selection of solid rock. In the grandstand Prime Minister Pierre Elliott Trudeau clapped hands to the beat, while up the maneuvered course the finalists waited for some broken equipment to be repaired on the Russian boat. Then, as by signal, Tru-

deau sat down, the band subsided, and over the P.A. came the ready call "Lieschen prei."

Physically, as in every other respect, the machine from East Germany was formidable: young—average age a hair over 19; tall—all much the same height at about 6' 2"; leaf-spring-legged. They were also, as the U.S. co-coach, Harvard's Harry Parker, observed, "a very well-groomed crew."

If any country had a prayer of upsetting the aptly named Dynamo Sport Club of Berlin (which provided the manpower for East Germany's eight) it was New Zealand. Swayze said, "You can see the power in the New Zealand boat, whereas in the German shell they seem to be putting a bicycle wheel. You know how fast a wheel can spin when you just get it with your palms. That's the way their boat goes."

It may be argued that the New Zealanders, being older, enjoyed an edge in experience, but not so. Dynamo's boys had had plenty of tough international competition. Six of the eight Kiwis are married; all eight Germans are single-mindedly single.

Pared to seven shells by elimination heats, repechages and semifinals, the fleet left the starting gate in a controlled frenzy of action, as the starter, as if calling the faithful to prayer, chanted "Perev."

In world-caliber rowing there is no clack of a coxswain's wooden knocker, as in the college sport; the only sound is the splash of oars and the wash of bow waves. The rate at which the oarsmen row is slower than in collegiate crew, yet far more powerful. The men keep their sweeps buried as long as possible in back-bowing strokes.

As the shells diced past the 1,000-meter post, halfway, East Germany was in front. The Russians were a close third, having dropped back from second place at the 500-meter pole. Now second, with



WHEATGRASTED EIGHT AFTER THE FINISH

their bow wave streaming far back on the shell, came the New Zealanders.

To those who could see the fleet approaching the finish from head-on it seemed as though six eights had, by some mistake, got mixed up with a single scull. On air boats the looms of the sweeps wavered in minute waggles, one oarsman's head could be told from another and elbows waggled independently. Aboard the German shell all was unity, all was discipline. Blades struck water precisely at the same instant. Heads rose and fell in unison. Sweeps wove symmetrical paths through the air. The eight men rowed as one.

With East Germany still in front, the crowd began to roar as New Zealand, still grimly holding on to second, tried to fight off a last-ditch lunge by Russia. Then, as raucous yelling turned to polite applause, the race ended with East Germany first, Russia second by 2.1 seconds and New Zealand only 2 seconds farther back in third place. By day's end not only the East German eight but every East German oarsman in St. Catharines had rowed away with either a gold or silver medal dangling from his

—continued—

rock. Their boats finished first in three races and second in the remaining four. The best their nearest rivals could manage—and it wasn't much—was a first and second taken by West Germany.

Meanwhile the U.S. found itself out-gunned. John Van Bies and Tom McKibben of the Long Beach Rowing Association, in double sculls, were the only Americans to make the finals and came in a respectable third. In singles, Jim Dietz of the New York Athletic Club was touted to do well but instead consistently ran out of cereal, Coke and hamburger halfway down the course. A magnificent Argentinean, Alberto Donadelli, who daily fueled on vitamin B-12 and B-6 shots, ultimately won the overall singles title.

The U.S. eight, Vesper of Philadelphia, crewed by a hodgepodge of college and club oarsmen, had scant time to train and, as a result, although good enough to beat other club and collegiate crews including powerful Washington in selection trials, it could do no better than

third at St. Catharines in the petite Gaule, the consolation race for losers. "The trouble with us," said Al Rosenberg, a former Vesper coach, "is that we start too late. The East Germans have years of experience by the time they reach 19 or 20. We don't reach the same level until we're 23 or 24. By then perhaps the oarsman's got a wife, a car, a military obligation. He's a dropout at 25."

"Yeah," said another observer, "but the Dynamo boys go to school and work just like ours do."

"When you have the state as an employer it's a little different," replied Rosenberg. "The state gives you time off to practice, time away from work to travel, the best training facilities. My company is in business to make money. I sit in my little cubicle and stay there unless told to do otherwise. I can't say I want time off to go rowing. You've got to take into account the whole system of values."

Dieterich Rose, who rowed for the unbreakable Ratzeburg crew of West Ger-

many before moving to this country to coach Vesper, agrees with this assessment. He is a staunch supporter of club rowing and points out that there is a sharp separation between clubs and colleges in the U.S. "We can't get college boys in time for our boats," he says, "because college lasts so long." Indeed, the U.S. crew got in stroke, Luther Jones, at the beginning of September, only days away from the championships.

For the East German finalists, however, training time is counted not in days or months, but years. Many years. Polished from practically kindergarten to postpuberty by intensive land drills as well as whole German rivers of rowing, they are imbued with the belief that they are performing for Fatherland, Party and Club, in that order. One East German said, "The key words in our program are these: our oarsmen are very well disciplined." They are also suspicious of noisy foreigners.

Despite this tight-lipped, stiff-backed attitude, the East German rowing pro-

...that was the year I decided (myself and all the U.S. rowers) that we should...

...be in good things. (That's a better, convincing and better way of life.)

SEBAGO
WESTBROOK, MAINE

gram is not a complete mystery. The average oarsman begins his career before a board which examines him not only for physique but also mental capacity and emotional stability. This happens at age 6 or 7. "From this evaluation," says Craig Swayne, "the doctors are able to make a pretty accurate estimate of how good one of these kids will be by the time he is 21." Those who pass this first test are funneled into special programs for further development. At age 8 coaching begins—in what might be called a state-run little league for oarsmen. Contrary to the U.S. experience, where one coach's style differs from another's, coaching is standardized in East Germany. When the candidate reaches the youth rowing program, ages 13 to 17, he is already an interchangeable cog in the machinery.

Each day during the championships at East German water-industriously from boat to boat, notebook in one hand, tape measure in the other, scrutinizing every inch of every shell he could get close to. Afterward the information he gathered was distributed to colleagues on mimeographed sheets. Among the select few to get a glimpse were members of the West German crews. One day one of the sheets blew away and wound up in the hands of the enemy, Dietrich Rose. It didn't help him much, though, because only a cryptographer could have cracked the encoded data it contained: presumably on placement of leathers, length and breadth of oar blades and other such fascinating minutiae.

Thorough? The East German young elite picked for international competition always consist of four 17-year-olds and four 16-year-olds—half seasoned oarsmen, half freshmen. In training they row through Germany's network of waterways, and in a year they cover between 6,000 and 8,000 miles. (Pete's Ted Nash was called a madman for rowing his boys 2,000 miles last year.)

Finally—perfectly matched, examined from toenails to teeth, given not too high a shine (they are just shiny enough)—from the overall pool of East German talent were picked the 26 oarsmen who won seven medals in seven finals at St. Catharines. "I don't think you would be able to get Canadian or U.S. boys to stand still for the kind of program the East Germans run," Craig Swayne said.

No argument here.

8888



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'THE COACH WANTS

by BOOTH LUSTEG with JOHN UNDERWOOD



TO SEE YOU'

Until Monday, the author was the Packers' placekicker. Then came the dreaded, but familiar, knock on the door. It could've been worse. He was once cut by five teams before the season started



At the advanced age of 27, and with very little experience beyond what I had invented to make my record look good, I became a professional football player—specifically, a placekicker for the Buffalo Bills. Wilder things have happened. I have found that almost anyone who ever pulled up an athletic sock thinks he would have been a hell of a placekicker if given the opportunity.

Placekickers are somewhat like plumbers—vaguely suspect, as though they could very well be up to something un-complicated. Once when I had missed an important 23-yard field goal for the Bills, half the Buffalo team came out early on Monday to take practice kicks (from the 23-yard line, of course) to show me how easy it was.

Attracted by the same illusion, dreamers in worn-out kicking shoes make the rounds of the tryout camps every year, some bald-headed and portly, others with middle-European names. There is nothing funny about them. Few of them have a prayer, but they all have hope.

The fact that four years later I was a Green Bay Packer is reason enough for the people I identify with to rejoice—those who are dogged by misfortune and know down deep they are mistaken or too small or have skin problems. I have been those coats myself, and I offer them a rallying cry: "If Boon Lusing can make it, anybody can." I would rally with them if I weren't too busy trying to catch on with another team. On Monday the Packers cut me.

In pursuit of my ambition I have done things that may not be rational. There is a simple explanation. I am basically a desperate person. Where my actions defy analysis, chalk them up to desperation.

The story of my life is that I couldn't stand the thought of being a junior high math teacher on Long Island, which I was. Originally I wanted to play baseball in Yankee Stadium. I realized this might be out of reach when I was cut by eight minor league teams in two years, none above Class D.

I decided to be an actor. I went to acting school, took a stage name, Michael Lusing (pronounced Lusi-try), and, to impress casting directors, I credited myself with a few roles I never played. After one or two parts this dream also faded.

And then one afternoon in a touch-football game with some fellow teachers I happened to get off a terrific punt. We all stood there staring at it, like it was Halley's Comet. Everybody said, "Hey, what have we here? A ranger?" And I

continued

thought to myself, well, why not? I had done some punting in high school. As a kicking specialist, I could make it to Yankee Stadium—as a New York Giant. The evolution to placekicking came later. It wouldn't have mattered except it seemed a quicker route to the big leagues. Getting there was the thing.

It wasn't easy. I have pestered coaches unworshipfully, begging for chances, hounding myself. I have sapped the patience of my wife, Carol, who holds for my kicks when I am practicing in the off season. (Carol has become a pretty good holder. Placekickers have a hard time finding holders.) I have taken liberties with the truth to make myself more marketable, and I have assumed other identities and another, younger, age in the belief that the traffic would never allow a man 27 years old to be a rookie.

The deception is now complete. When somebody asks the simplest questions—How old are you? What's your name?—I have to stop and think.

I have sent photostat composites of my clippings to coaches, the clippings artfully arranged so it is hard to tell that most of the stories are of the same game. I have made extensive use of the telephone, the U.S. Mail and Western Union to get my message to those who showed a reluctance to hire me. When I thought a coach might be weakening I doubled and tripled up on the wires and phone calls. (I make a bad first impression, so I do a lot of compensating.)

Kicking specialists practice in a vacuum, usually at the other end of the field. Other players—even coaches—do not always appreciate their worth or needs. In Pittsburgh two whole sections of fans cheered me every time I got up because of my paper cups.

I had a bag of accessories I carried to the games—tees, slates, tape, etc.—and a supply of paper cups. They were beer cups or milk-shake cups wrapped with tape, and when kicked right they soared like a football but without going very far. I started kicking cups when I was recovering from a charity horse years ago and discovered they were perfect

for practicing on the sidelines and in hotel corridors.

It got so in Pitt Stadium that every time I fished into my bag the fans began to stir, and when I got up and kicked a cup—usually about 30 feet—they actually cheered.

The next season the Steelers hired a new coach, Chuck Noll, and after a while he told me kicking cups was out.

"It looks bad—it's not dignified, right?" I said, trying to be helpful. "That's it," he said. I tried to explain that I wasn't doing it for laughs, that it was a training aid. "Yes, well, no more cups," he said. Sometimes I have a hard time communicating.

Shortly after that the Steelers released me.

In Buffalo my personal tormentor—it was like having your own valet—was a linebacker named Paul Maguire. Maguire put rocks in my cups and never tired of pointing up my acrobatics. I had more in those days than I do now because I was still feeling my way. I took a clipboard and a pencil to workouts, charting everything I did. I kicked golf balls. I had portable goalposts I carried in my Rambler. I made plywood dummies to simulate the center and holder (it is tough for a kicker to get somebody to hold, but it is tougher to get somebody to center). I was always juggling extra laps or running through parking lots at night, weaving around cars. I was lifting weights and taking a dietary supplement called Crash Weight-Gain Formula No. 7.

Maguire made my life miserable. The rocks sprayed out of my cups like popcorn. When I missed a real kick Maguire would yell, "Awright, get the clipboard out. It's back to the cups." I always thought Maguire suspected something because then he would say, "That's hint, Booth Lusteg. The man with the 25-year-old body and the 45-year-old face."

Then one night he caught me doing psychobernetics on the finest steps of the dormitory at prisoner camp. I had borrowed this book, *Psycho-Cybernetics*, by Maxwell Maltz, from Jackie Kemp, the quarterback, and was stiring with my chin on the hands, making a practical application: staring at the field, mentally picturing each step of my kick right through to the upraised arms of the referee, going over it again and again and again in my mind. (Psychobernetics can actually tire you out.)

Maguire's shadow loomed over me. "What the hell you doing, Lust?" he shouted. (The Bills called me Lust because I had torn the "eg" from the name tape on my locker. I wanted to think of myself as Lustig daily after success.)

"Practicing," I said. "Practicing?" he yelled. "What the hell are you practicing?" I tried to explain, but he wasn't listening. Once Maguire had you it was no good answering back.

I was very serious about psychobernetics. I was serious, too, when I was with the Steelers and tried hypnosis. I want to be the best. I am better now than ever, but I want greater height, greater distance. I want to kick 60-yard field goals consistently. I want to kick off 70 yards consistently. I put myself to sleep saying "keep your head down" and wake up mumbling "follow through" and in between



I was obsessive about my eyes.

I have nightmares of coaches, 10 or 12 of them, all in a line, waiting for a chance to tell me to turn in my uniform.

Why I have not quit long ago is a mystery to my friends and family. I have heard many words of discouragement. My brother has retorted me of the lunacy of my ambition. My father was against the idea from the start.

The struggle is never really over. Once a Packer, not always a Packer. Tomorrow, maybe a Buffalo Bill or a Pittsburgh Steeler or a Miami Dolphin or a New Bedford Swooner or a Brighton Knight. And you don't know what it's like to be cut until you've been cut by the Hartford Charter Oaks.

Did I know I was going? Not a bit. I could see foot steps in the hall and the chiding early-morning call from the other side of the door: "Hey, Booth, wake up. The coach wants to see you."

I think if a psychiatrist were to look into my history he would see things that explain a lot. Was I small? Yes. Was I misunderstood? Always. Did I have acne? No, but I had an acne-like infection around the eyes that made the skin red and puffy and made me look old before my time.

When I got old enough to look my age the skin condition had another effect: it made me look as if I'd just come off a two-day drunk. Special creams didn't help. I went to 13 doctors. I had three operations. Many coaches I have played for (or tried to play for) have asked me: "Where were you last night, Luster?" I was probably in my room putting cream on my eyes.

I learned not to sit under a direct light while talking with coaches. I learned to slide my chair around. Once while talking with a coach I kept sliding around until I was safely in the shadow between two fluorescent lights. He must have thought I was nuts.

I lived most of my childhood in a trailer in Branford, Conn. My father bought the trailer to take us to California, but we never left the New Haven area.

Our background was supposed to be Irish-English-German-Jewish. I am not sure how the combination worked. I know one of my grandmothers in New York kept a kosher house, but how strict could she have been if she married a gentile?

We were never a close family. My father, a sign painter, worked long hours, and I didn't get to know him. In arguments between him and my mother I sided with my mother. I refuted her thinking. I would say things the way she said them. Like, "Sex is a beautiful thing when you're married." I can see now, where a statement like that wouldn't sound too good to the guys. I was thought of as a sissy when I was a kid.

I became obsessed with the need to be one of the guys, to be an athlete. I was small but I was fearless. I tackled anything and anybody. I was like a mouse. I was ridiculous. But I did become good enough to make all-star in basketball and letter in football and baseball. The school paper



I lay there for a moment, envisioning what would come through my uniform.

referred to me as the High-Flying Fka. There were, however, some tearing times.

When I failed I overreacted. As a 4' 11" high school basketball player, I hit a line drive to right for an apparent base hit but was to taken with the sight of it that I was late going to first. I was thrown out. I broke down and cried on the field.

In a JV basketball game, I stole a pass and, all alone, dribbled in for the basket. I dribbled too far. When I went up for the shot the ball hit the bottom of the backboard. After the game I sat in the locker room, picking my toes, brooding. The varsity game started. When the varsity players came in at the half I was still picking my toes.

Age did not cure me. Once, when I missed an extra point and a field goal for the New Bedford Swooners, I tried to walk home—65 miles to Boston. I had my stuffed bag with my pads and helmet slung over my shoulder. Players stopped and offered me rides, but I refused. One of them, Brian McNeeley, whose brother Tom was a heavyweight contender, tried to force me. He called me names. He chased me into the woods, but I was too fast for him. I hid out. After that, whenever a car stopped I ran into the woods. I walked more than 20 miles before a state trooper put his light on me and took me the rest of the way. It was 4 a.m.

When I made it to the Bills in 1966 and we lost our first game I couldn't understand the other players taking it so lightly. One of them said, "Shake it off, Boosh, we've got 13 to go." I wanted to hit him. I had to do something. I had always pictured big-league players riding back to their hotels in taxis. I equated taxi rides with the big leagues. So when all Bills' taxi cabs to the hotel I took a bus.

That was the year I missed the 23-yard field goal. We were playing San Diego in Buffalo. The league race was hot. We trailed 17-3 at the half. Dwayne Lammert came in

for Kerp and drove us to two touchdowns, tying the game. With a minute left we got the ball and started to move again. There were six seconds on the clock when I went in for the field goal. I lined it up hastily. I shouldn't have—the clock was stopped—but before I knew it Lamerica had the ball on the ground. I didn't rush the kick. I hit it square. But I had aimed wrong. It missed by inches.

I didn't hear the boos at first. I was in shock. I couldn't believe I could miss such an easy kick. I wanted to get the ball back. I had a vision of it being on an elastic band, coming back to me, giving me another chance.

The clock had run out, and the fans were facing their way to the exits. I wanted to holler, "Don't go. I can make it from here. I'll make it 100 times if you'll stay. I'll show you my clipboard, my stats. I can make 40 in a row. I can make 50 in a row!"

I could see my teammates slamming their helmets to the ground. The game had come down to one short kick, and I had failed them. The walk back to the bench seemed like 10 miles. I was numb. I couldn't feel the ground under me. I felt I had to get out of this business. Whoever possessed me in the first place?

In War Memorial Stadium there is no dugout tunnel to the dressing room. You have to go through the stands to get there. The fans were cursing me. They tore at my jersey. I didn't care. When I got inside I just sat staring into my locker, ignoring players who tried to console me.

I was the last one dressed. One of the officials came up and said there were some punks outside loyng for me. He said I could get out through the back. I said, "No, I'm going out the front." What did I care if they beat me up? Three policemen escorted me out. I didn't have a car and I didn't want to ride. I lived only two miles from the park. I started walking.

I wasn't even looking when the car pulled alongside. A couple of guys got out, ran up behind me and started yelling, "You no-good bum, go back to Boston. We don't need you. You stink." One of them punched me in the back. I didn't even go down. They were kids. They were more scared than I was. I didn't resist. I just let the one kid hit me. Then he ran back to his car. I didn't even try to get the license number. I felt I deserved what I got.

I took myself into these states. At the University of Connecticut, I was upright all the time, worrying about making the baseball team, worrying about my skin condition, worrying about a bad stomach. I was getting from worrying about my skin condition. I was taking a lot of ribbing because of my eyes, people accusing me of booing it up.

You say, well, a man has to shake those demons. I do. Eventually. But maturity has come late for me.

I went to a Philadelphia Phillie tryout when I was in high school. Some Phillie scouts came out to West Haven to conduct two camps, one in the morning and one in the afternoon. I tried out in the morning. I didn't do too well, so

I changed my shirt and signed in for the afternoon session. I signed my brother's name, Wally Lusteg.

One of the scouts looked me over and said, "Say, son, didn't you try out this morning?"

"No, sir," I said. "That was my twin brother." Wally is three years younger. It would have made medical history.

I wasn't any better as Wally. We both got cut. But I had an inkling then to what lengths a desperate man might go to get a break in this world.

At the University of Connecticut, I did well enough in baseball but couldn't get anywhere in basketball. Every time I'd have a good day the coach would be looking the other way. I wrote him a letter summarizing my skills and signed the name of my high school coach. When I still didn't get noticed, I told him I might quit basketball. He said it was the manly thing to do.

After graduation I headed to Florida, hoping to catch on with a minor league team. I worked out in Miami Beach with Mickey McDermott and a couple of other pros and took a room in a flophouse. The conversation in a flophouse is unbelievable. The old man rooming with me was crazier than I was. I moved into an old, open wooden press box at Flamingo Park. I dragged a gym mat up there to sleep on and took advantage of the park's wash-room facilities. I bathed in the Atlantic Ocean.

Eager to catch on with a team, I got a friend of my father's whose brother owned a pizza place to send me a wire signed by Frank Sinatra. This guy had been Sinatra's secretary. Sinatra was a friend of Leo Durocher. Durocher was then a coach with the Dodgers. The wire said to show this to Durocher and he'll take a look at you.

I hitchhiked to Vero Beach and went to the hotel where the Dodgers stayed. I walked up to Durocher in the lobby and showed him the wire. He said, "Yeah, O.K., go put your stuff on."

When I got to the park he motioned me to take second. I was shaking. He hit me six ground balls. I handled them all. Some of them I handled longer than others. Then he said, "All right, kid, go change your clothes." That was it.

I hung around the lobby waiting for Durocher. He was in and out, talking to people. I know he knew I was there. Finally he came up and said, "Yeah, well, kid, we can't use you." I was too stunned to say anything except "O.K." Now I would know better. Now I would point out that Lou Gehrig wasn't a red-hot slider, either, but he was a pretty good stick and that Yogi Berra wasn't a very good catcher at the beginning. Hell, I was just getting warmed up.

As it turned out, Durocher had a good eye. Two years of trying to last with a minor league team—say minor league team—not only barked my fips for baseball but also proved I wasn't out out to be a Bible salesman, a carpenter or a short-order cook. I tried them all as I bounced around the Western Carolina League. I moved pianos. I waited tables. I sold magazines. I mowed up an entire hardwood floor.

That fall I married Carol and settled down (tentatively,

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like a man in a dentist's chair) to teaching school. It was then that I dabbled in acting and got off the punt in the pick-up game.

I wrote my brother a letter asking what he thought of my new goal. He wrote back that I ought to "wake up to reality." I went to see my father. His advice was to "never mind that damn football stuff, go get your master's."

Naturally I put in a call to Coach Jim Lee Howell of the New York Giants and asked for a tryout. Howell was very patient. He said the Giants had Don Chandler and didn't need a punter. He said Chandler also placekicked. I had heard of Chandler, but I really didn't know what all he did. I'd never seen a pro football game except on television.

I broke my teaching contract that January to concentrate on kicking. Considering what Howell had said, I decided to do both: punt and placekick. Chandler couldn't last forever. In the morning I placekicked. During the day I was a waiter in Queens or took substitute teaching jobs. At night I punned.

The following May the New York Jets held a tryout on a field across from Yankee Stadium. I went. I kicked for all I was worth—and, sure enough, I had improved. I impressed George Sauer, the Jets' director of player personnel. He told me, "We're going to sign you."

I got so excited I didn't know what to do. I ran across the street to Yankee Stadium, and when I looked up at the TV monitor in the lobby I saw Dick Simpson legging out a double for the White Sox. I had played with Dick Simpson at Stoughtonville in the Western Carolina League.

I hung around, waiting for Simpson. Then I saw him on the White Sox' bus. I yelled to him as the bus started to pull out. "Dick, hey, Dick, remember me? We played together, remember?" The bus was air-conditioned; he couldn't open the window.

I ran alongside the bus. "I'm signed," I yelled. "I'm signed. I'm going to be up there with you." It was all very emotional and yet curiously symbolic. There he was, up in big-league heaven on an air-conditioned bus, and here I was running along beneath him, reaching for what he had. I doubt if he understood.

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The next day I went to the Jets' office and signed. George Sauer said, "How does \$8,000 sound?" I was making \$1.50 an hour waiting on table. \$8,000 sounded great. Nothing guaranteed, of course. All it meant was I could go to camp.

Of the more than 100 players who checked into the Jets' camp in Peekskill, N.Y., only 36 would be kept. In a situation like that a man could easily get lost. I racked my brain for some way to get attention. It came to me. I clomped out wearing football shoes but no socks.

They noticed me, all right. They thought I was goofy. I tried to explain to one of the coaches, "I kick the ball better when I don't wear socks." He gave me a wondering look—wondering, I suppose, if I believed it myself.

I lasted three days. The first day I did some plunkicking. Not good, not bad. That night I couldn't sleep. I was nervous. My feet hurt. Also, I had reason to fear for my life. I had the bunk below Billy Lanza, a 300-pound tackle. They were old Army bunks, and the springs were weak. I lay there in a sweat, certain that Lanza would come through any minute and flatten me.

Lanza was also giving me wondering looks. I was still having trouble with my eyes, but I had found I could get some relief if I supplemented my diet with olive oil. I kept a can in my locker—100% pure Pilsner Beer imported olive oil—but I was in no position to make any salads at camp. So each time we went to the dining hall I brought back some rolls, soaked them in olive oil and ate them. I told Lanza they would help me gain weight. He said there must be an easier way. They looked and tasted awful. I could hardly get them down.

It was hot. I was nervous and I got sicker and sicker eating those oil-soaked rolls. Finally I threw up—a tremendous flash out the window of the second floor of the dorm, down to where players were walking. The news of No Socks' latest adventure spread fast.

The next day I muffed my chance at defensive back. I was small—160 pounds—but I also proved to be slow. A good speed for 40 yards is 4.5 seconds. I ran it in 5.1. I asked for a second chance. I cut my time to 5.0. That afternoon one of the assistants told me: "Coach Ewbank wants to see you."

In his office Wimb said, "Sorry, Jim, we can't use you." (Ewbank always called me Jim. Over the years I had modified Jerry, my given name, to Jay, but Ewbank chose "Jim.") On the other hand, George Sauer always called me "Ray.")

I said, "Wait a minute, Coach. Please. Don't get the wrong idea about my eyes—I was crazy-conscious of my eyes—it's a skin condition. I'm actually in good shape. You haven't seen me punt yet. And I can play flanker. You haven't seen me play flanker."

Wimb weakened. "All right," he said, "tomorrow."

After another sleepless night I took my place in the punting group, determined to kill the ball. But the ball just would not die. It went absolutely nowhere. It shanked off my foot. The harder I tried the worse I shanked. It



The punter held a flashlight on the spot where I would kick.

was a nightmare, I said, "I can catch some passes."

Ewbank put me in the receiving line. Dick Wood was throwing. Wood threw me 10 or 11 passes—perfect spirals right in my hands. And I batted them right back out again. I didn't catch a single pass. Ewbank walked away.

I went to the locker room, changed, got into my car and started driving—across the state line and into the coal country of Pennsylvania, through all those little mining towns. That night I pulled into a used-car lot and slept in my car. I drove for two days before I went home.

The minor leagues of football, as little known as they may be, will have their pride. The Jersey Jets of the Atlantic Coast League turned me down without a preamble. They didn't even want to see me work out—I didn't have "enough experience." I approached the Newark Bears. Steve Van Buren, the ex-Eagles star, was the Newark coach—a sharp-eyed guy. I figured I needed some experience fast. I told him I had played for the Arizona (Corn.) Black Knights. (I had watched them work out a couple of times.)

It was a lucky stroke. I didn't know it but I would have had to get a release from America to play for Newark. But the Black Knights were out of business. "Defunk." (Defunk is a common cause of team fatalities in the minor leagues.) I signed with the Bears for \$25 a game as a place-kicker and flankerback.

Van Buren was a funny guy. If you did something wrong he wouldn't say anything. Just look. I didn't know much about formations. When I ran a wrong pattern, which was often, Van Buren just looked. After one especially comical effort I felt the need to confess. "Really screwed that one up, didn't I, Coach?" I said.

"Yes, you sure did," Van Buren said evenly. "You don't know what the hell you're doing out there."

Our first exhibition game was against the Richmond Rebs-

continued

els in Richmond. I had been practicing my placekicking like mad and peering Van Buren to come look at me. There were no goalposts where we worked—you don't find many goalposts in the inner city. We used kicked in an open field. But I was improving. I drove Van Buren crazy trying to get him to check my kickoffs.

"Don't bother me," he said. "I'll see you Saturday, before the game."

When we got to the airport for the trip to Richmond Van Buren said, "Somebody check the runway before we take off. Landing will probably be there practicing and he'll want to drag me out to watch him." (Steve Van Buren will always occupy a special place in my heart. He was the very first coach I really hated.)

Against Richmond, we scored almost immediately, and I went in for my first extra point in organized football. I was suddenly, frighteningly disoriented. I became super-conscious of the way I ran, the way I moved.

I didn't know whether to report to the referee or not. I just wandered into the huddle. I didn't line up properly. The ball was centered before I was alert for it. I was late putting the kick off. Too late. Whump. Blocked. The public-address announcer droned, "That, ladies and gentlemen, is the first Newark extra point to be blocked in two years."

Before I could get over that disappointment, we scored again, and I was running back on the field. Only now I couldn't get my helmet on. Had my head gotten larger? I fumbled with the chin strap and tugged on the earholes, but it stayed perched on top my head. It was still that way, for all to see, when I lined up for the kick. I realized afterward what was wrong. I had it on backward.

Once again I was low and late with the kick. The ball almost hit one of our linemen on the helmet. It curved off the goalposts and into the end zone. (Richmond? No.

placekicking specialist who couldn't even kick 10 yards.)

I staggered back to the bench, and Van Buren came over. He said, "What the hell's the matter with you?" He wasn't so quiet any more. "You call yourself a kicking specialist? You can't even kick extra points?"

I settled down after that and kicked a 22-yard field goal, then a 26-yarder. Before the game was over—we won by a large score—I was thinking, "Hell, there's nothing to this."

I was cut the second week. The San Diego Chargers released Hal Shockley, and Newark grabbed him. I lined out with the Westchester Crusaders and didn't last a day. The Hartford Center Oaks gave me a look, but the coach said he wanted somebody who could play in well as kick. Including the Jets, I had now been cut by five teams, and the regular season hadn't even begun.

I made, for me, a soul-reaching decision: I would try one more team. If I got cut I would quit. Forever. Period. I hedged my bet a little by choosing a team that in itself was a last resort, the Boston Sweepers, the worst team in the Atlantic Coast League's northern division the year before. I called Ted Barron, the owner. I told him I had played for the Jets, but they wanted me to get a little work.

"Come on up," Barron said. He sounded desperate, too. Sensing this, I said, "Well you pay my way?" He said, "We'll see when you get here."

Let it be noted that he officially entered the body of Booth Loring when he became a Boston Sweeper. Barron not only paid my way, he gave me an advance on my salary.

My first game uniform was exactly six sizes too large, and when it arrived—halfway through the second quarter, late from work—I had to take it off and give it to him. I almost got cut a couple times. Once I was cut and got to mind thinking about it. I came back to the field in street clothes, laced on my kicking shoe and outkicked the guy they were going to replace me with. They took away his uniform five minutes before the next game and gave it to me.

And I stuck. I not only finished the season with the Sweepers, I played the next year for them, too. I kicked 13 field goals in 26 attempts the first year and led the league in scoring the second. We won the title both years. The first year was especially satisfying for me, because we beat the Newark Bears in the playoffs.

Every football player should be a Sweeper. It would make him more appreciative, more humble, that if he really wants to know where it's at, he should be a Brighton Knight. I was a Brighton Knight for one game, near the end of my second season with the Sweepers. The Sweepers had an open date, I wanted the kicking practice, and the Knights, who played in a park league outside Boston, seemed pleased to have me drop in.

The Brighton (Mass.) Knights were as fine a bunch of irregular as you ever saw. They all had jobs, so they worked out at night in a vacant lot. One light from a nearby garage illuminated the field. The light actually illuminated



For the first time in the story, I'm appearing as a member of the team.

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LUSTEG continued

very little except the sad state of the Knights' circumstances. Some of them were in dress shirts and football pants. Some wore baseball spikes. (It shuddered when I saw those spikes.) Some had no equipment. The trainer could only tape ankles. The players said if you have to get hurt, be sure it's an ankle.

So that I could practice my placekicking, the trainer held a flashlight on the spot on the ground where I would kick. The coach made me start practice kicks from the 40-yard line, well beyond the perimeter of the garage light. Any closer, he said, and they'd lose the balls over the garage.

Our opponent for that one game was the power of the league, the Forest Hills Merchants of Dorchester, Mass. Late in the first half we came up with a fourth down on the Dorchester 32-yard line. "Field goal!" our coach suddenly shouted. "We're going to try a field goal!" I've never been done before.

I was with us. A perfect snap, a perfect hold, a perfect kick. No team anywhere that I have ever seen was excited as the Brighton Knights over that field goal. They had the powerhouse of the league 9-7. The coach's halftime talk was a masterpiece. "Hit 'em, hit 'em, hit 'em," he screamed. We charged back out, fit to kill, and then one of our defensive backs got hurt. There were no extras. The coach asked me to play. "Sure," I said.

In the defense I had to look for the formation. "Well," said the linebacker. "It's you 'n' me on this side. Whatta you wanna do?"

"I'll cover long," I said, "and we'll play inside-outside zone. How's that?" "Yeah, O.K., man," he said.

But as the ball was snapped, the linebacker abandoned the plan completely, put on a fantastic rush and left me with 80% of the field to cover. Lucky again. The rush worked. The quarterback's pass was underthrown, right into the arms of me! I intercepted and started uptfield, whodung along like Night Train Lane. Then I blocked out. Somebody had ripped me from the blind side.

I woke up in the darkness, drowsy, none, all alone. They had carried me in there, dumped me on a table and left me there. And there I stayed while the

Forest Hills Merchants ran up 35 points in the last half to beat the Brighton Knights 42-9.

The carefully arranged photoasts of my accomplishments as a Sweeper were in the mail before the season was over. I attached letters and statistics and sent them to every team in the NFL, AFL and Canadian League. I usually got a standard rejection: the club did not entertain unsigned candidates. Most clubs don't. You can't get a tryout without being under contract, and they won't give you a contract without looking at you. And the replies are usually form letters that insult you with their tardiness. I signed with the Packers in October of last year, and I was still getting "Dear Sir" letters from other teams in February, expressing regret, telling me to keep in touch.

Nevertheless, in 1946 I was about to get my long-awaited tryout with the New York Giants. (I was right. Don Chandler hadn't lasted forever) when the Giants fired Pete Gogolak, away from the Buffalo Bills. So I called Buffalo, asked them if they got my photoasts (yes) and if they were interested (maybe).

A scout came to see me. I must have looked at myself in the mirror that morning because I found myself telling him my name was Wallace Booth Lusing, current graduate of Boston College, onetime reject of the Boston College football team—and age 24. Except for the "Booth," it was my brother's identity. Booth is my middle name.

I wanted to be young enough to play, and 24 was younger than 27. I still thought that being able to play as well as kick would give me a better chance to stick and more respect if I did. Most players have a narrow opinion of placekickers because they see them standing around in clean uniforms. Paul Maguire used to say, "A football team is made up of 38 players and a kicker," and when I checked in at a hotel and the clerk asked, "Are you with the team?" Maguire would say, "No, he's the kicker."

I turned out to be the slowest Buffalo. I was better in a fortress by Jim Dwyer, a 294-pound tackle. Coach Joel Cooley really said he didn't want me to fool around anymore as a defensive back.

Our first exhibition game was against the Boston Patriots at Boston College. The Boston papers played it up. HOME TOWN: BOB BIRTH LISTING: BURLING TO BE. On the bus ride to BC the driver got lost. Maguire said, "Ask Lutz, he played at Boston College."

I slid down in my seat. They asked again. "Straight ahead," I yelled. I was looking frantically for signs. I saw one. "Right at the next light," I shouted. I had only been to BC once or twice. When we pulled up I saw two boys with athletic bags walking toward a building. "Over there," I said. When we got inside the building it was the hockey rink.

Then I spotted a familiar face—Butch Sorgis, my coach with the Sweepers. "Hi, Butch," he said. He had read the papers. I pulled him off to one side. "Where's the dressing room, Butch?" I asked. He told me. (We were in the right building after all, but the dressing room was downstairs.)

The game with the Patriots was nationally televised. The first field goal I went in for was a 28-yarder. I was nervous enough as it was—the phony name, the big buildup, the close scare on the bus—but now my foot was twitching. Also, the feeling seemed to be going. I had an appalling vision of my foot going numb, of me keeling over and a stretcher having to be called.

A 28-yarder is a relatively easy kick. In a game today I could make 48 of 50. But back then it looked like two miles. I lined up wrong. My foot was twitching, and I was trying to be calm, but I was twisting inside. The ball began to curve as soon as I hit it, and I thought it was going to miss. It didn't. I had kicked my first big-league field goal—my first big-league anything.

I kicked four field goals that day—the 28-yarder, one from the 42 into the end, one from the 47 and the last from the 18. We won 19-13, and the papers the next day said what a shame it was that the Boston College coaches had let our loud graduate and star-placekicker Butch Lustig slip through their fingers.

I doubt anyone had a wilder season than my first in Buffalo. I kicked eight field goals the first two exhibition games and

got paid by the Sweepers for \$50,000. The Sweepers claimed they still owned me. Buffalo had offered \$500 for my contract, and the Sweepers had agreed, but nothing was written down. After those eight field goals the Sweepers looked on me with fresh respect. They demanded \$20,000. Buffalo refused to pay. The Sweepers paid me for \$50,000, the Bills for \$50,000. It was a new experience, being bought over.

I was keyed up the whole season. A lot of guys have to take pills to pep them up for a game. I needed pills to calm me down. After I missed a field goal that cost us a win over San Diego I went into a two-week sulk. We had an open date before the next game with the Jets at Shea Stadium. My father and a group of people in New Haven wanted to come down and have a Butch Lustig Day. I talked my father out of it.

The game with the Jets was crucial in the Bills' drive for the Eastern Division title. I kicked four field goals in four attempts and tackled Emerson Boscon on a kickoff return to save a touchdown. We won 33-23. The team gave me the game ball. It's a Buffalo ritual: the captain gets up, says a few words about the day's hero and gives him the ball. The guy who gets it isn't expected to say anything.

Not me. I made jokes. I said having this ball would give me something to practice with. (The other guys were all the time taking the ropes I used.) I talked about how rough a two-weeks it had been. I told them how pleased and proud I was and what an honor. . . .

"Aw, sit down," Butch Byrd said.

The next time we came to Boston the *Traveler* shattered the remainder of my image with a front-page scoop: pictures of me and my brother separated by a Mack headline: BUFFALO BILLS' LUSTIG A GREAT DEFENDER. Al Hirschberg of the *Traveler* had investigated. He had put a call in to my mother. Mother didn't have one. She gave me away. (The Lustigs are a very close-knit family.)

I was the second-highest scorer in the league that year. Gino Cappelletti was the highest, but he played flanker as well as kicked and caught six touchdown passes.

When I reported to camp in July I had

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competition. The Bills had recalled Mike Mercer, who had been on loan to Kansas City, where he had kicked 21 out of 30 field goals. I was kicking better than Mercer, but in the fourth exhibition game he boomed a 44-yarder. Collier sent for me the next day. He said he was going with Mercer, and I was on waivers. He said they tried to trade me to San Diego but couldn't. He admitted it was ridiculous, the leading kicker in the league couldn't bring a deal.

I was claimed by Miami but blew a kicking contest with Gene Mingo. When the Dolphins cut me I was claimed by the Jets. I lasted a week. I finally agreed to join the Dolphins' taxi squad.

No wonder kickers feel insecure, look for any edge they can get. I was in a team meeting one time when I noticed that my competitor was no longer in the room. I sat there for a minute, slowly working into a panic. Where did he go? What was he up to? I sneaked out to

find him. I went to the back of the training room, where there were some cubicles. It was almost pitch-dark. He was in there strapping on a surgical brace.

"What are you doing?" I said.

"Taping my foot."

"What's that thing?"

"It's legal," he said. "It's not part of the shoe."

I told the coach about the brace, but he wasn't upset. I think he already knew.

In Miami, Mingo's kicking started to go bad, and they cut him. I finished the 1967 season as the Dolphins' kicker and in many respects had my best year. I kicked a 48-yard field goal that still stands as a Miami record and a 47-yarder and was seven out of nine inside the 50-yard line. I came to like Miami. Carol and I rented an apartment. The next year I was cut. The Dolphins decided to go with Jimmy Keyes, who could play line-backer as well as kick.

I went back to the telephone. I made

my calls from a pay booth by a U-TurnTM food store on LeJeune Road, near our apartment. I wanted to be isolated. I had everything written out—what I would say, what I anticipated he would say.

I had to keep the door closed because of the traffic noise, and the sweat poured off me. Usually the coach's secretary would answer and ask for my name, but I wouldn't leave a number because I knew they wouldn't call back. I kept dialing until I reached the coach.

Whenever I got a quick no I was usually too flustered to say anything but O.K. Then I'd brand myself to get tougher. "You dummy. You're being too respectful. Don't let him say no like that. You gotta get up for these calls."

I called Green Bay, Buffalo and San Diego before I finally got a Yes from Bill Austin, the Pittsburgh coach. He said, "We've got a kicker, and he's doing all right." The fellow he had was Bill Shockley. I said, "I'm better than Shock-

continued

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1. To be eligible for the Sweepstakes, you must be a U.S. resident who has reached the age of 18 years by the time of the drawing. No purchase necessary.

2. Entries will be accepted until 11:59 p.m. Eastern Standard Time on January 15, 1977. Entries received after this time will not be accepted.

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ley, Coach"—I was up for this one, pushing and driving—"just take a look at me and see. Listen, I'll pay my own way. All I ask is you take a look."

"All right," he said, "come on up. But I'm not promising anything."

I beat out Shockley just as I had promised and was the Pittsburgh kicker for the rest of the 1968 season—13 games. We lost the first six, I kicked two field goals to beat Philadelphia 6-3, but that didn't satisfy anybody, because by that time we were in a hopeless position, and the victory just about cost the Steelers a shot at O. J. Simpson in the draft.

That was the season I went to the hospital. His name was Dewey Devers and he had a dingy little office in downtown Pittsburgh. He was an old guy, close to 80. His method wasn't to put you to sleep. He used a kind of power-of-suggestion approach. He had me lie down on the couch. He turned out the lights, covered my eyes with a towel and began to talk. He tried to relax me. He grabbed my foot and said, "Relax and refresh your muscles, rest them completely," and he shook my foot. Then he grabbed my leg and did the same thing. The more he worked the more tense I got.

Then he started the litany: "When you go into a game to kick a field goal you will be confident. . . . You will be relaxed. . . . You will keep your head down. . . . You will follow through. . . . You will assert yourself. . . ."

I went twice a week in the beginning, then cut it to once and then quit altogether. He put the routine on a card, and I had Carol repeat it to me at home. When it got tiring for her I transcribed it on tape and plugged the recorder into my ear and went to sleep listening to myself giving myself a pep talk. I can't say I achieved anything, but you never know.

At camp next year it became evident that it was going to be me or Gene Mingo. The Steelers had picked up Mingo in the off season. I knew I had gotten off on the wrong foot with Chuck Noll, the new coach. He didn't like me kicking cups.

It was late August 1969. A rapping on the dormitory door woke me before 8.

"Yeah. Who is it?"

"Buff, the camp manager."

"Yeah, Buff, what do you want?"

"The coach wants to see you."

I was suddenly wide awake. I rushed around the room, combing my hair, tucking in my shirt. The mirror stopped me. I could see the lines around my eyes, the familiar red puffiness. Am I going to look too old? I tried to tighten the skin with my fingertips. He can't cut me now. I'm better than the other guy.

I took out a nose pad and began composing the things I would say. I had to prepare, to anticipate. My senses were in a turmoil. I could feel the follicles of my hair *revving*. Maybe he's not going to cut me. Maybe he's going to tell me he's keeping me and cutting Mingo.

I went down to his office. Noll said, "Hi, Booth, sit down. Be with you in a second." When he came to me I leaped up to face him.

"Booth," he said, "I'm sorry, but we're going with the other guy. We're putting you on waivers. Turn in your playbook and the key to your room."

"I knew I'm better than he is, Coach," I stammered. "Let's go outside, I can show you. Oh, I know my kickoffs weren't good, but I was using a two-inch tee. I've switched to a one-inch tee."

Dan Rooney, the owner's son, came in and said I had to be out of my dormitory room by 2. I asked him if he would please contact a few teams to see if they might need a kicker.

"Yeah, yeah, we'll give them a call, Booth," he said.

"If you could just impress them with the fact that there were other reasons I was cut, that Mingo could also play a little running back."

"Yeah, Booth, we'll give them a call."

"I mean, so they don't think I'm just a reject, so they'll give me a chance."

"Yeah, we understand. Come see me after your stuff is all out."

"Well, I certainly appreciate it, I wonder, Mr. Rooney, could I stay a day to see what happens on the waiver list?"

"No, Booth, I'm sorry. It's a policy. You have to be out right away."

Later I stood on a hill watching the team work out. I had my bags in my hands and a jacket over my shoulder. From one hour to the next I had be-

come an outsider. I could see Mingo down there, satisfied in the knowledge that he had beaten out the competition. I could not help but envy him.

I was revived by the time I got to Miami. I was back on the phone in no time. And it was worse than ever.

I called Norm Van Brocklin in Atlanta and was rattling on when I heard him say, "All right, come on up." I kept on going. I must have gone on another minute before I realized he'd said yes. Unfortunately, when I performed in the Bush he wasn't impressed.

I spent \$180 in wires and phone calls to become a Green Bay Packer. When I finally signed, the Milwaukee papers asked Phil Bengtson if Lustig had gotten in touch with him. Bengtson said, "Yes, about once a week."

Actually, it was a one-line letter that did the trick—a letter from Green Bay thanking me for contacting them and saying they would call in the future—maybe. I immediately called Pat Pepler, the director of player personnel, to thank him for the letter (hoping, of course, to get in a few words edgewise). I told Pepler I hadn't exaggerated in my telegram, though I had bragged a lot. He said, "Hang on a minute, Booth, Coach Phil's in the next room."

I hung on for five minutes, person-to-person, long distance. The family nest egg was flying out the window. Finally Pepler came back on.

"I just talked with Coach Phil. How long would it take you to get ready to come up here?"

"About three minutes."

I was in Chicago that night and in Green Bay the next morning for the 10:30 workout. It was November now, and the ground was frozen. A raw wind blew off Lake Michigan. The first day I wasn't affected, but toward the end of the week I began to get sore. My kickoffs weren't going anywhere. I had bragged in my wire I could kick 70 yards. I was doing 55.

Bengtson asked me to try some field goals from the 46-yard line. I told him in the wire I could reach from 80 yards. I barely made it from the 46.

I decided it had to be the cold and the fact that I tried to do too much the first day. So I rested on Thursday and loos-

continued

emed up with a swim in an indoor pool. On Friday I went out early—and the difference was amazing. I really began to boom them. Now if I could just get Bengtson to see.

I set everything up, waiting for him to walk onto the field. As soon as he came out I was going to kick off. He came out all right, but he was with another guy, deep in conversation, and my kick sailed unnoticed. I began to panic. Other players were coming out. I kicked another one, but he didn't see it. He was still talking. Finally I went to him and interrupted the conversation.

"Do you have a minute, Coach? I want you to see some kicks."

"Yeah, go ahead," he said. "I can see you from here."

I went back and took one, but I hurried it, and it didn't go. I screamed for a guy to throw me back the ball. I grabbed one hurriedly and set it up. Time was running out. In two or three minutes the

whistle would blow for the start of practice. A terrible thought occurred to me: I would be cut before the whistle.

I ran around getting balls, setting one up and then almost fainting when the wind blew it over. I had to go set it up again and recount my steps. When I was ready I turned and waved to Coach Bengtson. I knew I looked amishish. I knew I was forcing the issue. But I also knew you could practice six months and be gone in six minutes. He had to see these kicks. In three minutes I could be gone!

Then I hit one. It rose in a beautiful high arc, a joy to behold, and landed in the end zone. In two years Green Bay hadn't had a kicker who could put the ball in the end zone. I knew, then, I had opened his eyes. Even his voice changed. "Yeah, that was a good one," he said. I could sense his surprise.

Now he was interested. Now I could take my time. Now I could carefully count my steps, carefully tee up. I

boomed another one, high and deep. And then another. Somebody said, "Look at that little guy kick that ball." The whistle blew for the start of practice, and I almost collapsed with relief.

I signed the next day and kicked against the Giants that weekend and put my first kickoff into the end zone. I put two more in the end zone that day, and every time I did it the crowd in Milwaukee cheered. The job was mine for the rest of the season.

I began to look forward to 1970 with fresh confidence. In the college player draft that February the Packers were the first to sign a kicker. They picked him in the fourth round. The day I read about it I got to talking in my apartment, wondering why they'd chosen him, feeling sorry for myself. The next day, fully recovered, I fired off a wire to Phil Bengtson: DON'T GIVE THAT KICKER A NO-CUT CONTRACT. I'M BETTER THAN HE IS. SINCERELY, BRYNNE LUSTIG. **END**



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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

ARCHERY Americans won three of the four titles in the world field archery championships held in Honolulu, Hawaii. The female events were won by STEPHEN L. HEDGECOCK, Jr., of Shading, Pa., and MERRILL KENNY SCHUBERT of Rockford, Ill. The men's and women's bowmen's tournaments were won by T. J. VAN DER MEER of Naperville, Ill., and MRS. MARY K. SCHUBERT of Naperville.

FIGURE SKATING SCOTT of London, skating a Peter Cornelius 200, averaged 117.0 mph on a 30-40-140 1/2-mile oval track from New York City to Geneva, Switzerland, to establish new world speed records for several points on the general and intermediate circuits.

GOLF—Break Open champion JACK NICKLAUSE increased from a shaky start in the final round. Ford drove holes on the closing nine at the Presidents' Country Club in Akron, Ohio, and won the 1968 Open prize at the Westchester Club. He has now total of 134 wins, seven more than Jack Nicklaus. Jimmy Hays (Newman and Morris) won the PGA Cup, a prize worth \$125,000 and the better than U.S. Open champion. Terry Jacobs, whose fourth-place finish earned him \$1,000.

JOHNNY DUNDURDON CALHOUN took her first in a national title turning out when she won the first hole of a ladies' golf championship at the Wounded Warriors Open at Ocean Shores, Wash. Miss Calhoun, who received a check of \$4,000, tied a three-under-par 69 on the final round of 18 holes.

POLO—DAVID DAVAN (1968), a 19-year-old, won the 1968 U.S. Open, the national championship, with 104 goals in 10 games. He won by three goals in a 10-goal match. He is now the 1968 champion. He has now a total of 10 goals in 10 games. He is now the 1968 champion. He has now a total of 10 goals in 10 games.

BOXING—Three Flat Match winners, PAUL SHELLEY, ROBERT MITCHELL and JOHN KILPATRICK, added two more wins and one loss in the first world championship round of 24 hours. Two other participants in the match were dropped out in the early rounds of the first and second rounds. The old record had been set in 1966 by 19 college students in Britain.

BASEBALL—Lithuanian NIKOLAI changed to catch in the 1968 U.S. East Series in Gloucester, England, winning his opponent of the English League (1968).

ROCKY T. WANG (1968), a 20-year-old, won the 1968 U.S. Open, the national championship, with 104 goals in 10 games. He won by three goals in a 10-goal match. He is now the 1968 champion. He has now a total of 10 goals in 10 games.

spent was 20-00 seconds, in plus from the 1968 first set by a more than 100-00. Ending over the 100-00, the 1968 first set by a more than 100-00. Ending over the 100-00, the 1968 first set by a more than 100-00. Ending over the 100-00, the 1968 first set by a more than 100-00.

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trained in a world speed performance with a 400-00 record in the 100-00 league race. Two other records were set by 1968 U.S. Open, the national championship, with 104 goals in 10 games. He won by three goals in a 10-goal match. He is now the 1968 champion. He has now a total of 10 goals in 10 games.

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FACES IN THE CROWD



DEBBIE CAMPBELL, 11, winning medal, because the youngest champion ever in the girls' and ladies' division of the Old Country, Conn. tennis tournament, but in the mixed doubles competition, playing with her father, Fred, she lost 1-2, 1-2.



GEORGE OWEN of Milton, 18, who designs and builds his own cars, won the 1968 U.S. Open, the national championship, with 104 goals in 10 games. He won by three goals in a 10-goal match. He is now the 1968 champion. He has now a total of 10 goals in 10 games.



RICK LINDO, a member of the Country Club, won the 1968 U.S. Open, the national championship, with 104 goals in 10 games. He won by three goals in a 10-goal match. He is now the 1968 champion. He has now a total of 10 goals in 10 games.



JOHNNY KING, 19, who won the 1968 U.S. Open, the national championship, with 104 goals in 10 games. He won by three goals in a 10-goal match. He is now the 1968 champion. He has now a total of 10 goals in 10 games.



WAYNE CHANDLER, 15, an MVP, won the 1968 U.S. Open, the national championship, with 104 goals in 10 games. He won by three goals in a 10-goal match. He is now the 1968 champion. He has now a total of 10 goals in 10 games.



KAREN MCGOWAN, 11, playing for the Washington, D.C. team in the U.S. Youth Games in New York, broke the 100-yard dash age-group record by winning .8 of a second off the old mark of .9. Her winning .87 was .8 of the world record for women.



Photo-surrealism

Raindrops on a window inches from the camera. A girl on a beach, a hundred feet away. Both exquisitely sharp, which gives the picture its special quality. But how to do it without special equipment?

In theory you'd first shoot the beach scene, focusing on the girl. Moments later, after reventing the lens, you'd focus on the rain-spattered window and make a second exposure. Quite simple, really. Except that it's impossible, with most cameras, because their lenses can't provide the tremendous focusing range required.

With the Nikonmat FTn it was as simple as it sounds. This 35mm single-lens reflex is made by Nikon and accepts the same interchangeable lenses on the famous Nikon F. It was used here with the 55mm Micro Auto-Nikkor 1:1.5, an unusual lens that can be focused for any distance from 2.3 inches all the way to infinity. (Imagine being able to use the same lens for life-size closeups of flowers or insects as well as for portraits, kids, parties and the like!)

This is only one example of the uncommon — even impossible — pictures the Nikonmat FTn brings within your reach. Yet for all its capabilities, it is remarkably uncomplicated. Its unique thru-the-lens meter system, for instance, gives you correct exposure instantly for unusual pictures — like this. And it's yours for under \$280 including 50mm Auto-Nikkor 1:2 lens. See your Nikon/Nikonmat dealer. Or write for details.

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TIME: BOX SEAT FOR A BIG SEASON



This fall may well be the most hard-hitting and unpredictable season in recent memory . . . as the GOP bucks the Democrats for control of Congress and college faculties take on the Class of '74 without benefit of scouting reports. It's the kind of season that TIME, The Weekly Newsmagazine, was made for . . . and an ideal time to enter a low-cost trial subscription. If you act now here are some special features you can look forward to:

New signal callers in Congress: One-third of the Senate all of the House and some of the governorships are up for grabs this November, and the upstarts and the veterans are already sharpening their rhetoric. TIME's job at election time will be to single out the key races, size up the critical issues and introduce the important contenders.

Business in the 4th quarter: While the stock analysts flip coins and try to guess where the market will go next, inflation competes with job insecurity as the season's number one concern. TIME will help you prepare for the best or the

worst by rounding up expert opinion on the changing shape of economic affairs.

The music scene: Not only the new groups but old favorites like the Beatles and the Band constantly redefine the meaning of today's music. TIME's evaluation of their work—of the controversial festivals, the revival of jazz and the enduring popularity of the blues—will enrich your own enjoyment of one of the major strands of contemporary culture.

Politics on campus: Thousands of college students will be back in their classrooms and up the issues as administrators start taking stock of their campuses. Two weeks before the November elections many students will be turning their energies toward politics in unprecedented numbers. The results could surprise you . . . unless you keep track of what's happening via TIME departments like Education, Environment, Modern Living and Nation each week.

So join us . . . simply tear out the attached Ticket and mail today. It's one sure way to get a good start and a great seat.

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Sports Illustrated Pro Football is based on real games played during the regular pro season. Computers were asked to analyze every play run by every team during a full season of pro football. The computer print-outs were then converted to team-by-team performance charts from which the Play/Action

system of the game is derived. Since each team's actual strengths and weaknesses have been accurately integrated into the game, **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED PRO FOOTBALL** gives you the opportunity to find out what would happen if you were coach or quarterback and were calling your team's offensive and defensive plays. If you're always left, for example, that your favorite team should be running the draw more, throwing the short pass with greater frequency, or calling the safety blitz on first downs, here's your chance to test your coaching ability and find out what would happen under amazingly realistic "game" conditions.

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For a limited time only, **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED PRO FOOTBALL** is being offered to the readers of SI at a special introductory price of only \$9.95. To take advantage of this special offer (the regular retail price of the game will be \$12.50) simply complete the coupon below and mail it (along with your check or money order) to **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED PRO FOOTBALL**, 15 East 45th Street, New York, New York 10017.

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THE READERS TAKE OVER

NEW YORK'S BUDDY

Says:

I would like to congratulate Alfred Wright on an article that was well done and long overdue (i.e., *And a Mighty We Do!* Sept. 7). I have always considered Bud Harrison to be one of the greatest things that could ever have happened to New York.

STEVEN J. KNAPP

Glen Ridge, N.J.

Says:

I'm glad someone finally gave our Buddy some well-earned recognition.

ANNA HARTMAN

Berside, N.Y.

Says:

Your article has explained to the rest of the country what Met fans have known all along: you don't win with superstars alone. Sure, the Mets have one superstar, Tom Seaver. However, the Mets' backbone is made up of the little men, like Buddy and Jerry Goss and Wayne Garrett.

MIKE PARENT

Fairfield, Conn.

Says:

Alfred Wright and SI have finally recognized one of the finest shortstops in baseball. But please, next time you ask a man to pose like that, go get George Fennel or Randy Munson or somebody else, not a featherweight like Bud Harrison. I like Bud, but that picture on page 22 turns me off.

JOSEPH REILLO

New Haven, Conn.

HOUSTON

Says:

In your article on Bud Harrison and the Mets you call the Houston Astros a collection of whozats. I'll have you know that the Astros have literally buried New York in series play. Before the 1970 season, Houston held an 87-49 lead on the mighty Mets. This year New York won five of the first six games with Houston, only to give up and finish 6-6. Houston also gave Seaver three of his 11 losses. Not bad.

STEVE HARRISON

Indianapolis

Says:

That collection of whozats called the Houston Astros was your pick (in the April 13 baseball preview) to win the NL Western Division. The SI writers are the collection of whozats this time.

STEVE FARR

Solvang, Ohio

PARADOX

Says:

Alfred Wright's wonderful story captured George Allen in what must be a unique paradox in the history of pro football (*You Win! You're Free!* Sept. 7). As a season ticket holder for Rams games, I'm always amazed to find that no team—except the home team—plays an "away" game in the L.A. Coliseum. There are always more people rooting for the opposition than for the Rams. It seems Dan Reeves knows what he and his L.A. fans want, a loser—not George Allen.

JOHN WALTON

Los Angeles

Says:

As a loyal fan of the Rams I feel that Dan Reeves would be making a grave mistake in firing George Allen. If 38 of the 40 members of the team stood up in support of Coach Allen, the team must really need him. Dan Reeves had better think about what he is doing.

JOE STARR

Rochester, N.Y.

Says:

Everyone wants a winner and will come to see a winner, but the loser will draw only a few hard-core fans. Mr. Reeves has searched for many years for a coach who could give him a winning team. Now that he has Mr. Allen, whom I feel to be one of the finest, if not the finest head coach in football, it would be a shame to see Reeves let him go just because he cannot get along with him.

GEOFFREY L. BRIDGES

Los Angeles

WEIGHT QUESTION

Says:

The article by Pat Ryan (*Hefty G or Hefty Bar, Boys*, Sept. 7) added further injury to a sport that you have already insulted. Your attitude concerning weight lifters makes me wonder whether your faces have been splattered with sand. In the Sept. 12, 1986 issue Associate Editor Mark Krav made the remarkable generalization that "all lifters . . . are similar in this respect: they have misshapen, even grotesque, bodies, and they derive the same satisfactions from the sport." The current photographs by Neil Leifer apparently were chosen to perpetuate this "opinion."

Perhaps you are not aware that there are nine weight classes—beginning at 114 pounds and ending at 242½ pounds and over. Not all superheavyweights.

continued



Ted Williams says:

**"When I go
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It's a great shotgun for a lot of other reasons, too. The pump action is smooth and fast. Its twin-action slide bars let you fire a shell a second.

Then there's the rotary, front-loading bolt. The ventilated rib.



I hunted lots of birds with this gun. Quail in Florida. Grouse in Nebraska. Duck in Arkansas. Just great. Beautifully balanced. Dead on the mark. It earned my check mark.



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When you see this check mark, you know the equipment is Sears best. Tested by Sears and me.

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10TH HOLE *continued*

FAMILY AFFAIR

Sinc:

I am somewhat puzzled by an apparent trend to accord great admiration to parents who push their children toward a goal in sports or other careers at the possible expense of a "childhood." Your article on the swimming Job family (*The Impassioned Mr. Job*, Aug. 30) seems to indicate this. While this method of child rearing may have proven successful in the case of the Job children, I doubt that it would be a sound practice if commonly applied. I am in my late teens and can look back on a delightful childhood. I think a childhood is sacred and should be treated accordingly.

DEVON LAMOWITZ

Fishing, N.Y.

Sinc:

I found no resemblance between your story of the Jobs and the Job family I know. As the Trumbull County (Ohio) Catholic Youth Organization director, I wish many more parents were as interested in their teenage sons and daughters. Very few parents encourage their children by giving them the high ideals in sports, music and religion that Mr. and Mrs. Job have inculcated in their children. I feel your reporting lacked the depth that is necessary to do justice to this family and its life pattern. Mary Job is an outstanding mother who deserves a pat on the back for what she has done. And I wish Brian good luck in the '72 Olympics.

THE REV. ROBERT GOLDMAN

Warren, Ohio

Sinc:

The article about the incredible swimming Jobs is one reason I've been reading *SI* for years. Brian Job is my kind of speed freak.

CAROL LAMOREAUX

Madison, Wis.

IMPIDILITY

Sinc:

Raymond Hall, the dog hater who you said is writing a book which documents all the bad things he could find about dogs (*SCORCART*, Aug. 24), does not know what a dog is. He's never owned one, so how could he know? He says he wants to be "the first author to tell the truth about them." The truth is that dogs are nice and lovable animals who can protect a horse or save a life. Dogs are the greatest animals.

Hall also says he doesn't hate dogs. Of course he does or he wouldn't write about how to cook and eat them. I don't think he will make much money selling his book.

JERRY SCHWARTZ

Hillside, N.J.

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